

EELSCAPES

A Tale of 1983

by

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Chapter I. The Planetary Vespers

he becomes aware of this he stops in his tracks and sits beneath a willow painted by Maxfield Parrish, which droops just for him as he contemplates the means whereby to exorcise the gore seemingly inherent to his destiny.

He recalls, various people he has encountered and reasons that a mastery of one of their spirits could somehow yield a destiny unlike his own unpleasant one. Then he stands again enchantedly back among society and resumes his journey forward disguised this time as, maybe, Gus Nettles, a short-order cook, around the corner from where he works. During lunch hour Gus is the picture of calm, and anyone who knows lunch hour traffic knows that short-order cook is about the best test of neurological strength to be found anywhere among the highly industrialized nations of the world. Quote the new Stan, "O.K., let me have it, reality, because little do you know the new me reveres the motivation behind the directive 'illigitiimi non carborundum' ", to the incontestable degree of his having purchased a coffee mug that boasts to that effect. Yet, somehow, during the course of his day, when he becomes aware of the man behind his mug, he can't help but feel the heat of humiliation over others' possible sentiment over his claim glazed in red on glossy white

ceramic. The girl Friday: "The belching dufus has got designs on Rome now. "Cathy, his associate: "Poor Stanley, life must really have gotten to him; he can't even admit to himself that he is prone to life's abrasions like the rest of us."

"That's it!" Stan thought, "My impression of Cathy's impression of me seems to express the truth of my reality. Tonight this mug gets dumped." Eventually Stan's notorious mug was noticeably

missing and he could feel the implicit cool sighs of relief from his fellow employees. He was once again a true democrat.

Life is like the train rides home from work, but never like those to work. You see, we have but one destination, the grave, not to be morbid. Life is never altogether where you may be headed, but more like where you will be headed when there's no place left to venture to: the grave. This is the ultimate destination, where one arrives not too long after the ceremonial dinner where one receives the traditional gold watch for thirty years' loyal service. It is under the influence of this realization that Stan sometimes gets caught by the roving eye of a fellow passenger during a fatigue-inspired impersonation of Dracula in his grave. This generally has the effect of arresting the onlooking eyeball in line with Stan's strange image and activating the respective nerves in the manner required to raise a brow in Gothic curiosity. Though Stan wishes such incidences could be of more profound consequence, he knows that they are, at most the grist of some unknown family's dinnertime mirth.

Stan couldn't resist. He phoned his old guitarist instead of the cab office.

"Hello."

His old guitarist had become a very sad man, indeed. Factory work and the harsh reality of a "normal" spouse had ground his soaring emotion³ into a garri⁵h blue-collar monotone, a full

dimension below the neon madness which he and Stan and the other guys

once shared as fellow musicians in what was then known as an "acid rock" band. Stan had the least amount of trouble waving those colors still, maybe because he was naturally that way. But he loved his old guitarist, still, for all the treasures he helped lay up in Stan's memory of his youth. He wished that someday all the old band members would dust off their instruments and perform a reunion concert.

"Prince Frankenstein!" Stan cried, trying to overlook the obvious pain in his old friend's voice.

"Hi ya, Stan. How ya been?" Prince Frankenstein recognized Stan's voice but didn't seem particularly moved.

Stan's nostalgic high spirits dissolved into the electronic ambiance noises coming through the telephone. Instantly perturbed by the disappointment, Stan wished his old guitarist well and looked up at the barely visible starlight shaking his head in light-hearted wonderment. He held down the hang-up device with his finger, stood entranced for a moment, then dialed for a cab.

In the back seat of a Shamrock cab on the way home, Stan became overwhelmed by thoughts concerning his divorce from his wife of only three pathetic months. The psychology of freedom killed what was believed to be love experienced throughout four years of common law sharing. And no one knows, as anyone who really knows, that you are entitled to a trial by peers, phantoms never to exist. Danielle and Stan split up due to an unceasing rage that approached and sometimes reached terrible carnage and downright voodoo toward each other and one another's family, all within walls painted and decorated with a love and sweet intention clearly visible in their tenderly planned nuptials.

She was raised in a home where alcohol was consumed as liberally as lineament in a locker room, and Stan believed it was the issue of temperance that was essentially responsible for the recurring acts of

violence. Sparing himself the agony of yet another re-run of this horror story, Stan sped up to the credits and noticed that under "director", where once his and Danielle's names once appeared, now appeared the word "fate" in blood-red Roman type. He sighed and looked out at the scenery that had become vibrant in cold shades of despair. He was hungry and alone, and he began to repeat in his mind what he often did since his departure from married life.

"I live with my family, again, and I know I deserve to. I am a son-of-a-bitching no-account romantic sham with an ailing mind filled thick with memories of yearning for super stardom as a frigging rock and roll drummer. My heart has been ridden with envy for so long toward those who have seemed to matter that my personal life amounts to no more than an ill-fated aftermath of an ill-contrived destiny. Furthermore, I am a hypocritical jingoist for universal love borne out of Woodstock, since my ill temperament cannot refrain from indulgence in bigoted expression. I am, in short, a normal American young man,"

The day Stan decided to call it quits with Danielle he called it total quits. He resigned from his job at Kaplan's Trucking.

During some of their violent bouts she would resort to the dig "Joe College can't cut the big time, so he drives a truck." Stan phoned the attorney who was handling the contract for the house they'd decided on and told him to destroy the document before its validation deadline, and then Stan phoned Danielle from his family's house and told her where she and her family and booze could step off. Then he lay on the twin bed beside the one once occupied by his older brother, now so long ago. Though he was relieved, the question of what to do next with his life had already begun to repeat itself.

As the cab pulled to a halt across from his address

Stan decided that he knew what would reverse his feverish condition. He dialed the lady in question after so many months of disco drunkenness with the many flashy females in her stead. She was still with her folks after the break-up. During their talk learned that she had also spent the past few months in disco drunkenness with many flashy males in his stead. Danielle was castratingly curt and allowed silence to do most of her talking. Even in hanging up she beat Stan to the punch, which catapulted him out into the streets for a much-needed constitutional. Barking dogs are especially nerve-wracking when tears are welling up and breathing occurs in hockets of silent weeping. One's body is not evident except for a burning in the sinuses and metaphor of heart.

"So what have I learned that I hadn't already surmised? I'm hurt," he continued, " But hurt is only a condition. It takes time for a condition to clear up. As all practitioners of remedial medicine will tell you, you can't expect a condition to clear up by itself. It requires proper treatment. I once thought that just as Head and Shoulders was dandruff's remedy, loud discos and their wildest female patrons were the remedy for Danielle's effect on me. So far, I've been completely wrong."

Feeling an occasional pebble all too acutely, Stan realized that he was out walking the streets in his slippers. He quickened his pace and soon got into bed in his three-piece, pin-stripe, corporate costume, which he wore painfully against a Free-Thinking conscience that proscribed anything in the way of decorum. He awoke at 3 a.m. Too late for entertainment and too early to prepare for another day at the office. Another typical

Danielle aftermath. Her face while out rowing at the lake once, as she looked up when it had suddenly begun to drizzle. A beautiful rainbow graced the hazy sky with a mythic tinge.

The a.m. radio was hotter than Stan's burning stomach could handle. It went off with a click in unison with street slang hissed through intensely grit teeth. Yes, no radio, but Danielle. Time to get out of bed and have some (Danielle) breakfast of (Danielle) eggs and (Danielle) coffee with (Danielle) milk and sugar. Gus Nettles makes great coffee. Danielle is a great lover. (Quote a tormenting imp of mind: "She's gone, Stan. Really. Final. Finis. She loved foreign films just like you, Stan. Especially Bunuel also, just like you. Remember after Belle du Jour she told you that DeNeuve played out her alter ego? Your reply was that if you ever met her alter ego, etc., etc. She laughed and kissed you, Stan, remember and then she said that a lover like you was all that a woman would ever need. Life felt like the lyric of a rock and roll ballad then. Just think, Stan, that very authentic piece of romantic play was yours in the flesh, but you'll never see it again. Oh, Stan, I'd sure hate to be you. But unfortunately, kiddo, I am you.")

Danielle was typically American in her role of American girlfriend. She staged scenes of romance to the extent that she honestly would have chosen death over unpremeditated co-existence. Her private thrill was to show off Stan's handsome face to what was, essentially, her entourage of horny millenary eels to whom she would often so defensively refer to as "my friends." Stan had evolved into her stud side-kick who was conspicuously down-played by her in social gatherings where his

more esoteric presence might tend to detract from Danielle's chronically cultivated, mainstream ebullience. He sensed his convenience to her, and hers to him. They were both emotionally handicapped adults, having been a couple of the world's most spoiled brats as children. They were subconsciously each other's pillar of strength, and so were a source of much confusion to those associates who witnessed their graphic wretchedness toward one another, Stan and Danielle were a paradox of siamese opposites, mutually antagonistic though mutually bound, for a little while. Besides, she was Prince Frankenstein's girl during the golden years of their acid rock group "Auto Apple". Such warmth of shared life to such neon degree was just too much for Stan to turn his back on. What other woman on the face of the earth could ever be to him what Danielle was without glint of effort? The Prince Frankenstein's ex-.

The galloping steel wheels of the grownup commuter choo choo provided the rhythm Stan needed to rise up into a morning that he already wished were evening. The grind of traveling to and fro and working sometimes well beyond the time of the average worker is a hard prospect when you leave and return to someone gone. But when you're in love somehow it's just more scenery to endure before your ultimate destination. Having loved and suddenly lost during such mundane rigor is like being handcuffed to a type A, hard sell mortician. In bed:

"Enough grief, Mr. Pecadillo, or would you like to try our luxury variety?"

Over dinner:

"Hard to swallow food over a blockage so profound as mortality

itself, isn't it, Stanly?"

On love:

"Considering what you've got to offer, Stan, I'd say that you'll never please a young lady. *You'll* need considerably more time. Better set your sights for middle age."

At this point in his willowing career, one thing that Stan would be a fool to deny is the effect of Hollywood and Madison Avenue on modern-day romance at the street level. Being nice person may still be necessary, but it is certainly not sufficient for romantic success. Stan had become certain that a poll would reveal a higher masturbation rate among the Woodstock generation than among their more red-blooded predecessors. Furthermore,

he realized that if he were fluent in FORTRAN or PASCAL he could communicate with far more bespectacled homosapiens that constitute his present righteous, anti-social circles. An irony of the times considering that acceptable socializing is no more than discriminatory public boasting in terms of income and intellect:

"Did you know that McDermitt landed that post with Cefco?" "No. When did this happen?"

"About a month ago. "

" The lucky"

All shouted into the ears of the respective speakers while hundreds of others do generally the same as a disco beat booms like a wartime foundry. This is society's respite from itself. The illusion that high-volume banter, alcohol-induced, and semi- coordinated movement misnomered "dancing" are the ingredients of an elixir for any of the

ill effects labor may incur on the total organism "Man". And if you look closely into the faces of those around you, you'll recognize certain celebrity identities striving to manifest themselves among the ranks of these erstwhile terminally non-descript Stan returns home after an indulgence in these surroundings and attempts to express the experience to posterity in latest spiral notebook. writing is most often the attempt to render gray awareness to an inner bright effulgence. Sometimes a Jehova's Witness will knock at the door and Stan's concentration will dissipate and yield anger, veritably blood-thirsty wrath, whereupon a false prophet flies from the toilet with pants down and wearing sparrow wings leaps into a full-length mirror at the end of the hall. Stan once cried out to him, "Come back. Let's sit and talk. I'll put on some coffee, man!" But his cries only fell on a blank silence.

Anger is the culmination of from one to many frustrations over some very closely monitored personal situation. Anger is the fear of the possible fruition of the inverse of one's fondest hopes. Phenomenologically, anger is thought or argumentation expressed in violent terms really incapable of lexical rendering, though not incapable of making its object manifest. The criminal who fears apprehension is most likely to be apprehended. The sky diver most frightened of becoming modern art viscera in the meadow is somehow most likely to lose his handle on the rip cord. Artists who fear conservatism are those most prone to its influences; they become ashamed of their rebelliousness because it is the financier of their poverty and poverty means "pee wee" in the Hollywood celebrity turnstile where logotypical Thespians wear iron boots funded by escape-artist purse-snatchers in

support of a profound addiction protected by law: the savor of the right to free enterprise though its products tend to psychologically, still, enslave the nervous tenants of this land of the free. In sum, then, fear, on the individual level, is the thread which leads to a fabric in our national skies woven by Clotho in sequined toga and who subsists on ideals, but not bread alone, and hasn't the slightest inclination of the real ends of fabrication.

While we are on the subject of transcendence from human nature, the Hollywoodization of America would be well considered. As men, we cannot help but feel pressured by impulsive women to play the part of those Hollywood figures which we tend to resemble. Thus, men are forced, generally in night clubs, to endure the heat of friction between what we are as we try to assert whatever that may be over what many unintelligent people strongly urge to the contrary, in not so many words. And they are perfectly legal in their actions. If we were to rebuke them outwardly, of course we'd be labeled "lunatic" and perhaps subject to legal recourse on their part, even though they are in a real sense aggravating us unjustifiably. Why? Because justice serves only those whose personal injury is empirically accountable. The irony here is that they would wind up justified over the same issue pointed out by their accusers: Harassment. So, irrespective of to which party the truth of a matter belongs, the burden of proof first falls on the accuser. And if the accuser should be of mystic origin, woe to him. This fact of life can only be transcended personally on a spiritual or poetic basis. Hopefully, history will bring us all to a higher plateau, whereas, presently, the seeds of enlightenment lie fallow as law seems to be of, by and for the stupid without concern for the more sensitive possibilities among us.

Conspuere> L., to spit upon.

Upon walking into a room that radiated intense hues of exotic tapestry, Stan encountered couples, gays and heteroes, spitting into one another's faces, tit for tat, and remaining marblesquely stolid in the process. His skin became vibrant in waves emanating from the Universal Gong of Existence. It seemed that this was some esoteric love rite, yet sedentary as the corporate executive post. There was a gray file cabinet in the corner labeled "aitia", Greek for "knowledge". As Stan approached this cabinet he could smell the pungent aroma of the blood-red rose in a thin-necked vase on top. As he reached for the handle a lobster claw clasped around his wrist and a crustaceous voice hissed down his goose-pimplly neck, "Let's not jump head-long into definition and expect appreciation to flourish with our likes around life's glowing Maypole." What could an innocent spy say to such a master of verbal subterfuge? Stan dared not venture yet another motion that might tend to violate the laws of this odd, odd land. However, as he turned to mingle with the ghouls, his peripheral vision caught a glimpse of the paper label bearing the word "aitia" peeling off of its own accord, revealing a metal Harley-Davidson insignia securely fastened down. He began to seriously ponder this, engrossed in vibrant surreality.

The party eventually ended. Stan returned home, slept it off and awoke late next morning with a vague memory of people spitting in red light.

"I want to take leave of my present circumstances, get an apartment; woman, a ticket to a place where felicity is transacted at kiosks fashioned after lemonade stands and kissing booths. My train fare is exhorbitant, income ludicrously low and rent and cost

of living is outlandish. Oh, man OOOOhhhh, man! Here it is again. Nature's lock That prison French thinkers call ennui. Nature's temporal mandate immovable by Man's too anxious plotting to the contrary. Only history can negate the historical facts of life. And only death can negate life.

"I cannot help but return to the subject of the Hollywoodization of America. There's nothing like a beautiful blonde, blue-eyed mythic American girl partner in life and being her personal comedian lover-confident. However, glamorous and beautiful people have a way of bringing one from the heights of emotional fancy at wit's uppermost end, down to file clerk for some coroner anywhere in Wyoming at the mere diminution of a laugh which you yourself inspired. This confession betrays an obvious victim in myself. Why do I feel victimized by the Anglo-Saxon, still? Because America is his and hers and I am born inherent intruder via some force-fed quality known as Eye-talian. A glimpse at an organized list of names of America's ambassadors around the world reveals the general racial make-up of this much-desired presidential appointment. The Germanic race is the race of choice; the epidermic extension of Old Glory to history. I am not really an American. I am tax cattle, one of the many anonymous oxen who pull a burdensome tram known as the U.S. Treasury. I've been broken racially and financially. My writing is a quiet quest for regeneration, a personal renaissance of pride. Spirit, spirit, spirit! So much

Pizzerias and subways are scenery en route to our ultimate destination; that is, if we are in love. If we are not in love, the world becomes our battleground on which to combat the adverse forces of public obscenity and hostility with the singular weapon of

wit, and hopefully not violence. Women pacify Stan, if they are loyal, that is. Yet, moving about is what our nomadic lives require. Here, there and back again.

"I love you. It's just that Aphrodite and Adonis distract me with their frolicking under the sheets in black and white, wearing cheap dark shades."

The Hollywoodization of the United states of America, or mythological socio-typing. But that happy cottage must exist somewhere between the bordello and Trappist monastery. Oh, to be loved. Only God knows for sure how others see you; those others whose opinion affects those who seek to have their lives validated by others' commentary, making life a sort of roulette of self-esteem, psychological nutrition based upon vocalized whim. Imagine! And this occurs in breath-takingly vast measure wherever society is found, especially in hamlets where even the remotely possible saving grace "quaint" gets mired under the tendency.

"May I pee this way, Sir?"

"Well, son, it's mankind's practice to pee into the wind."" And, as royalty goes, American psychology is the prince of windward urination. This status gets itself validated by Neilson ratings on an all too regular basis--T.V. being the god of lost souls. Stan's precious carcass is prey to America the Voracious like a shell-less oyster dropped into the midsts of a crab square dance on the dark ocean floor. Every social encounter approaches mortal conquest as our social relations are all based on gut reactions to one another's ego. The path to honest relations on earth would go as follows. Assert the fact that you intend to dominate, that you are in fact superior, but that you would

willingly surrender should the inverse in fact be the case. None of which means anything but that you apparently are a good sport at heart, and so are the fortunate recipient of a possible thumbs up from your dear old Uncle Sam for an earnest whack at national solidarity.

Stan looked good on paper to the American collegiate sports fan. Intellectually, which is to say, philosophically, he seems to the same critics as though he were an RSVP guest at the strange party mentioned above, only because this is how he chooses to present himself to any would-be critic. It's all reducible to the fallacy of simile. Democrats, to Republicans, are like Communists or Socialists, therefore Democrats, to Republicans, are like the enemy, or the closest thing to the enemy a fellow national could be shy of treason. Why does the law, then, not declare one or the other party an enemy to the people, depending on the party of incumbency? Because we are all aware that divided we would all fall, and we are each inherently concerned about our own welfare. To deny this fact is to assert that there is a moral order, regardless of the established government, in which to successfully live requires membership in a domain of operative aloofness whose magnitude is not less than that required by the great consensus notion of God. ("Ask not what your country can do for you •••") How does this domain affect, say, the immigrant American entrepreneur whose values are frequently seen as an attempt to undermine the credibility of this reality because, as his notion of God and Country might have it, the American Way suggests nothing more than sheer absurdity. He sees himself a guest of a

mass population who are faithful toward a god that he might have to view as false by his native persuasion. The early American colonists represented the same basic attitude to the American natives, but now maintain their beliefs in stride, being of such great force by way of sheer numbers that they need not fret about oppression. But this view of America as a fortress built on human choice rather than divine preference is the seed of dissolution of our most sacred self-esteem--the wilting of our athletes' bones and the pollution of our mothers' wombs.

Unreasonable, objectionable treatment extended from person to person throughout the duration of a certain encounter. Depart from the encounter. The memory lingers. Transform the memory through the ever-wondrous creative faculties of the human mind, render it past and therefore non-existent and so never a causal threat. Cause is the relationship of responsibility between one phenomenon and another occurring at a later point in time. Forgiveness begets holiness ergo perfection. Man's belief that his lust for carnal retribution can possibly be the manifestation of justice is the bane of Eden, and the source of this injustice is the simultaneous pre-eminence of a plurality of legal documents governing, if not mesmerizing, humanity in a de re factional manner and so dividing the totality of mankind, thereby prolonging the present global malaise of misanthropy for however many generations of selfish civil obligations there may be impending. The problem of relinquishing this troublesome factuality lies with a dramatically present centrist tendency down to the individual level in a total earthly forum

of over 7,000,000,000 human pathologies. How does a member of one faction rise above the others and attempt leadership while at the same time convincing everyone of the virtue behind his motivation? Perhaps the net credit that such an ambition is likely to receive would be that of Friendly Fanatic, as opposed to Founding Father, destined to confinement at a minimum security sanatorium, perhaps somewhere in Switzerland as an international token of gratitude for the nobility of the attempt at bringing the entire planet to neutrality via despotism.

This represents an alchemy of sorts insofar as the eventuating process of an instance of causality is not empirically accountable through any ontological possibility, but is empirically verifiable pending the completion of the phenomenal eventuation process requisite to its qualification as fact. For instance, "to walk upon the moon" was only an ontological possibility until the completion of the eventuation process which yielded the technologies requisite to its qualification as fact in the 20th century summer of the year 69.

"Paralysis" is a term subject to universal application from limb to libido. However, we call the use of the term paralysis "metaphorical" when applied to contexts not capable of scientific verification.

[Metaphor< Gk Metaphora: transference]

When we say that a word is being used in the metaphorical sense

we are consummating a commitment that the word bears some immutable literal meaning in terms of an Original relationship (e.g. leg of a dog) and the random one before us (table supports become "legs" by way of association). Yet there is a much more abstract form of metaphor extant and wreaking havoc in minds

throughout time, a means of associating images that is certain to lead one to fallacy and eventual pandemonium on the terra firma of selfhood. To say that a man's ego is paralyzed draws an analogy based on the purported resemblance between a useless or inactive limb and a useless or inactive temperament, both being the result of some accident suffered during the course of one's life. Paralysis of limb can be diagnosed clinically, scientifically, through first-hand experience. Paralysis of ego, or perhaps depression, is diagnosed psychoanalytically, insofar as it can be identified and rendered conclusive according to medical history's disposition at any given point in time. The subject is thereafter shuffled about the pinball course of the system at whose mercy he has taken it upon himself to submit himself out of fear of his own thoughts; whereas, had he musical skills he might have become a successful balladeer, a possibility that leaves the validity of the metaphor in question evermore in question as to its scientific value to society. It seems that such a fallacy lies in the stuff of conclusion and not the conclusion itself. When we give an analogy of a situation we are communicating an image which we associate with an immediate experience of comparable complexity or abstractness as this experience happens to strike our intuitive pallet consisting of the totality of our experience neatly rendered to the status of

data bank. The fact that there is a means whereby we can express one aspect of life in terms of another only yields the more complicated fact that we are each capable of understanding one another's abstract rendering making some fact of life commonly understandable. The universality of this possibility implies scientific fact if not somehow necessity when uttered by a certified "authority" in a clinical situation. This is precisely the fallacy of all purported sciences of humanity. Humanity is a mere passive field of awareness consisting of the results of a transference process of perception into mentality and hence the metabolism of what we come to call "human relations". This field of human relations is wholly an affair of faith in the depth of others' experience resulting in their capacity to appreciate our own humanity and in the process serving as the looking glass through which we encounter a portrait of ourselves indicative of our place among men and from which we and the world tend to draw moralistic conclusions in a subliminal critique process blatantly apparent to the wizened. Yet the wonderment of the situation does not lie purely within the bounds of the possibility that faith can provide ample navigation toward our destinies. There is the further aspect of existential sea-faring, among sundry myriads of molecular "furthermores", that we are capable of understanding one another by intuition along a plane of significance that bears inherent resolution in an indestructible and imperceivable metaphysical pillar of earthly synonymies understood as the alpha and omega of sentience manifest, "Mankind". The above should tend to imply that anyone conclusion about anyone person based on anyone understanding of anyone mental state as portrayed from anyone vantage through anyone choice of vocabulary is tantamount to the rendering of pure human potential to the status of inferiority to some singular random trivial aspect of concerted caprice masquerading as "truth". This scenario of tragic waste, as all instances of waste, is the result of haste having a hand in the government of the outcome

of some endeavor. He who utters, "It all started ... ," fails to appreciate that being so motivated to reveal, one is instantaneously recovered from whatever it is he presumes remediable through narration. The mind as problem is continuous with mind as solution, the self-same entity confusing and then understanding itself. When the mind becomes so confused that it overlooks the fact that the resolution to its troubled state lies within itself, it panics and seeks the intervention of one whom society has seen fit to appoint as authority on "the subject". In the case of psychology the subject and "the subject" are synonymous, just as the problem and the solution are simply contrary manifestations of the self-same mind. The only means to a successful resolution of a mental problem is faith; faith that one's brain is constant, bearing the capacity to be both pleasing as well as displeasing, and that in the event it becomes displeasing, its capacity to become pleasing is as simple as one's desire for it to become so. This requires faith that human awareness is wholly simple, and the moment that one believes that human awareness is complex he becomes confused and emotionally upset. This is because the belief that awareness is complex is symptomatic of the irrational mental state of presuming that the countless objects of awareness are themselves awareness, which is absurd. An analogy to this case would be to equate a program on TV with a TV set.

Yet this very absurd tendency occurs among hordes of people, creating a demand for psychologists generation after generation. The TV analogy, however, being metaphorical, has nothing to do with the human mind which is inherently aware of its own uniqueness, and so the patient continues to return to his "shrinking" an infinitely

silly quest after tangible evidence of the natural dichotomy between his happy and problematic halves. This makes the psychologist a sort of sinister volleyball spectator who bets on this rather light sport vis-a-vis career choice knowing full well that, unless each patient is a philosophical spy, the odds of his reaping a lucrative payola are astronomically favorable.

The only remaining purpose for seeing a shrink has to do with mortality, or good Ol' fear and trembling. In this case, being included in the all-pervasive process of demise, the shrink is merely a conversationalist hooker, someone one pays to talk with because one has nothing but scoundrels in one's most intimate circle. The conclusion that a patient suffers from depression, from a psychoanalytical point of view, is more indicative of a capitalistic bid for a paycheck than concern borne out of genuine human kindness. The metaphor "depression"

betrays an ironically primitive description of the mind in terms of kind of a funny allegory of perhaps a nectarine being squashed by a steel-tipped combat boot. The nectarine represents the mind. The combat boot represents society. Now, how does Dr. Testosterone put Humpty back together again? Taken literally, which it is, by and large, this sort of analogy constitutes an assumption that some aspect of the mind, if not the entire mind, can be affected in its function like a nectarine or anything that may be misshaped by external forces. This is the modus operandum of so-called modern psychoanalysis.

Logical analysis is an examination of some process outside the region of direct participation. It is, metaphysically speaking, a form of, the purest form of spectatorship; the deification of one's own vantagepoint. Being a pure entity, logic, like God, bears no efficacy unto itself. However, it can be applied and often is, in which case it is generally corrupted because people, being the political creatures they are, tend to render situations intellectually so that the truth will appear to belong to their specific contentions; just as they've been doing with God through religious diversity. However, where truth is really concerned there can be no appearance without substance by which to validate itself. Logic is a subject, and like all regions of the mental field called "subject", its special particulars bear no direct relation to any other subject, including the clinical subject.

To be bereft of the capacity of selective hostility is to lead a life pocked by intruders whose premise is basically an attempt to validate their own base nature in terms of the faults which they seek to discern in those whom they trespass. Many look in the wrong direction, outward instead of inward, when they

quest after a solution to certain psychological problems. They seem to be motivated by the old adage that "misery loves company". Why? Because people, as Aristotle believed, are essentially political and so they seek to organize life around their notions or beliefs of order. When this sense of order has gone amok, they go to people for the resolution which they believe would restore some semblance of order to their lives. Most people, however, lack the complexity to both sense a problem and diagnose it, which in itself would point to its solution. Instead they proceed out into the world with the sense that they've got a problem without having taken the next remedial step, diagnosis. The result is that they encounter their problematic affinities in the world and begin to merge griefs and grievances, usually in a shared state of grosser bafflement, like drug and alcohol abuse. Hopefully, age will unravel some of these problems and leave the subject sufficiently relieved as it brings greater bodily sensitivity to the various banes indigenous to human nature. After this stage has been reached up the road toward mortality, we are free to choose the activity which we feel suits our mellower temperaments. Shuffle board, checkers, feed the pigeonsIsn't life wonderful? what was it that I did with my youth? Let's see. I mocked wisdom because my television told me that it is more normal to laugh at a sage than to earnestly attempt to become one. Happy hour with the guys and all those lost loose women. Shiny cars and new clothes. Lifetime membership at a health club chain that went under some years back--I still have that membership card around some place. General Manager of a firm that made high-precision parts for nuclear missiles and other forms of weaponry and military hardware. Not that I really ever gave a damn about the propagation of the American Way. It was just the gratification of receiving consensus respect for the white collar station for which I so ardently strove and attained. Perhaps had I watched those films about life in the Third Reich more

closely, I would have seen the parallel between their sense of pride derived from attrition up the military ranks and that of my own derived from my own militarily driven national economy. The irony that my own superficial present state might have been avoided through a reorientation toward its apparent origins

sends a trembling surge of despair down my spine as I check myself out 0; a sense of abysmal futility about the most obvious question to follow such a realization so belatedly arrived: what if...? Yet, happily, I am still young enough to obviate this morbid eventuality.

The problem with trying to diagnose anxiety while young and anxious is often like trying to appreciate inertia while traveling at a rate of 100 mph. However, youth is not altogether condemnable, though the goal of wisdom can have the effect of drying up one's enthusiasm such as occurred during this writing. This started out as an exposition of the temperament of a troubled youth which took you on an excursionary course of apparent literary significance until old philosophy commenced beckoning downward toward the depths of First Cause. Yet, such is the gravity of the mystic in the social gamut--a cabalistic haunting from between the tiles of the locker room of the unselfconscious would-be gladiator in a determined attempt to make examples of us all.

Conversation among intelligen friends, provided they truly are friends, can accomplish wondrous feats of the flesh thought extant only allegorically in desolate circumstances. In desolation we tend to assign static or inert natures to the objects of our consideration and thus render them immutable forces of intellectual contention. When we think of "The President of the united states" while in a state of desolation, given the real and implicit extent of his authority, perhaps we begin to attribute the source of our mental state to him in terms of ideological antithesis between he and ourselves --his

conservatism vs our liberalism. For instance, if we are disposed to paranoia for our liberalism, the chances are likely that we will tend to interpret our lot as perhaps socially depraved through the current overwhelming popularity of conservatism and hence logically, if not altogether rationally, we create and maintain a convenient scapegoat in the form of our society's premier authority figure. El Presidente becomes "el bastardo" to his hateful critics and thereby becomes a fictional character excluded from Socratic method and so the means to reconcile his perhaps well-intentioned self with the accusations of the desolate few or many.

The same mental process applies to one's personal relations during a time of falling out. It is a unique mind that does not entirely condemn a person due to some singular point over which he and the party in question have had some falling out. If we could keep our hearts and minds in a balanced orbit of awareness and compassion around a basic rational center, we would live together much more gracefully, if not altogether happily. So, it is a far better state to be among friends of a level of intelligence you can trust in order to validate your own notions of yourself in an ambiance of fairness than it is to exist in a state of frightened hermitage in need of extra solitude by the moment in order to bury some past mistake which societal demotion and the conscientious pangs of guilt never cease to remind the guilty. However, where there is nothing but persecutionary feedback to be had in society, a person is not blameworthy of his natural choice of hermitage. Hermitage is the natural selection of the sensitive mind that has retreated from a stubborn, contrary and generally stupid world in search of its own definition above what the world, in its clamoring, purports to be Darwinian necessity. Not all hermitage

is cynical. Some is entirely self-imposed in the spirit of martyrdom in the service of truth. Rene Descartes' isolation is a case in point. Mr Descartes separated himself from the world in order to develop a method for doubting what common bungling accepts as truth. Stan's father arrived at a similar understanding of life in the big city, which he was wont to convey in the lingo of his day: Believe nothing you hear and only half of what you see. (Not all great philosophers are famous.)

For the past two years Stan had spent his weekend evenings spending money in order to get drunk and sexually motivated. His self-esteem was based on his capacity to strike up a conversation with anyone and have sex with those select few women who could raise his brow. The effect of this life was to render him self-less with respect to the more meditative mind he'd been nurturing since his junior year in high school. After college he decided to attempt to usurp this notion of self because he believed it to be the irrational motivation behind his investing money he really didn't have into an education that no one really needs; namely, a major in philosophy.

Philosophy was responsible for his departure from the vernacular world as it turned him into an alien creature from cryptic origins the likes of the island of Crete. This alienation coupled with his artistic temperament in turn evolved into a deep-rooted contempt for various types of personae indigenous to the market place. Hence, Stan hated proprietors, managers, salesmen, under- as well as over-grown punks, anyone happily employed in the defense industry, so-called educators, self-righteous priests and nuns and last, but not least, any

member of American society who insists on living with an eye to his or her "roots". This latter, racial, issue was the strongest in Stan's mind. Being pressured or assailed by an ignorant few for one's racial origins was counter-productive enough to the cause of democracy, but to refuse to discipline oneself in the historical manner of the new national order chosen by one's ancestry was simply a ghastly, oblivious misuse of one's personal democratic privilege. Why should one choose to impersonate objects of stereotypic ethnic derision?

Of course, this was not to say that notions of a national purity were to be adopted and pursued in the spirit of brown shirt servility. Moderation, the virtue extolled by tea-totalers for centuries, can well be applied to the practice of political allegiance--"I support the left, though I'm leaning to the right". One can search out one's family tree; just don't build your house in it. Your subjective temperament is a small price to pay for the full sensation of freedom, though over-indulgence in capital gain is another popular corruption of the spirit.

[I write with a brain overheated from its attempts to speak so enthusiastically that it often overlooks the reader's desire to be entertained. I've exchanged character for soap box, as I am wont to do throughout this opus. But who can relax once

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George Bernard Shaw once made the rather droll remark that "it is a shame that youth is wasted on the young." The shame really *is* that youth has become a scapegoat fixture of so much pompous *idiocy*. How many young people within earshot of that remark wish they could confront the old playwright with their mantra on a silver platter and proudly proclaim, "Behold this, old mart!!The most important fact of any healthy life is whether one possesses the skills of micro-anarchy requisite to usurp

a dull moment and turn it inside-out to expose its silver lining. Comedic spontaneity is the order of our day. In fact, in this nuclear time, where the threat of total devastation is immediate and more present than that of rainfall--Mother Nature's heart being more disposed toward man than his own--a sense of humor has become a vital attribute of those more disposed to defy death than to cower at its ugly inevitable head. Outlandishness is one's subtler ego reverberating repeatedly throughout life's otherwise morbid steeple chase. Consider the poor droves who require television for comic and aesthetic release from their bills and other square wheels of fortune. But, perhaps worse than the terminally uncreative are the existentially assertive who, after reading Camus' "The stranger" were left with pangs of sympathy for the main character in the end. The life of this protagonist was such an excruciatingly mundane grind that the guillotine seemed a much-needed euthanasia, to Stan. Certainly this faceless non-hero did not inspire one with innocent flights of romantic fancy as did poor Julien Sorel of Stendhal's "The Red and the Black". Indeed, so dispassionate and neo-stoical was the non-hero of "The Stranger" that his name is easily overshadowed by his neurosis.

Literature is very much like one's tarot. What you pick up at any given point of your life generally bears close resemblance to some tribulation you just so happen to be undergoing at that point, provided that one chooses his poison with a heartfelt conviction that in those pages lies some revelation; an existential artichoke quest. The chilling feature about this

curious phenomenon is that it seems most noticeable in instances where a book was chosen for its title alone, and the title bears no apparent relation to the book's actual theme, as in the case of Balzac's "The Wild ASS's Skin". This is true with regard to the classics, though perhaps best-sellers are not realistic enough to serve as one's tarot. Perhaps it's the rich spirit of a classic, its alluring attribute as a life entry into the aesthetic annals of time as a current in its universalizing tide.

Certainly something magical takes place in the classics section of a bookstore. A mesmerizing spirit that Stan first encountered during his childhood in Brooklyn whenever the old Indian (who turned out to be Italian) would appear on the corner of Humboldt and Grand during the summer with his folding chair and long-stemmed pipe. He would hold his red-stockinged foot in his hand and puff in meditative intervals as commercial traffic manifested progress before his timeless presence, which was wholly illusory since the man was European. Yes, he was the last of his tribe [The Bushwicks?], so stubborn that the white man had to build a city around him.

Most of Stan's memories of life in Brooklyn were innocent in their childish vivacity. However, there were a few exceptions as no city is all friendly policeman and nice old lady. For instance, at the age of about four he was collared by a short crazed-looking man as he investigated the man's daughter's skooter which she'd idiotically chained to a parking meter, supposedly to prevent its theft. Little Stanley simply attempted

to prove his hypothesis by lifting the skooter up so that the chain could be slipped over the top of the parking meter. But the man took Stan's little body and slammed it into a shoe store window saying, "Whatya tryin' to do swipin' my kid's [sic] sled when she wasn't lookin'?" At that point Stanley's grandmother came running out of the store wearing one old and one as yet unpaid-for shoe. She slapped the mousey man's face from left to right screaming something about the shamefulness of his behavior as an adult. The man put up his hands in an attempt to ward off the righteous blows being delivered by Stan's morally exacting grandma.

Family had been very protective of Stanley. He often wondered whether there had been an indelible negative effect on his psyche from all the protection, or was it just an intensity of interest in their protection to the extent that he'd become obsessively concerned over the matter? He recalled a dream that he'd had while a student at Princeton, which was interpreted by his older woman friend, Liz. Her mind was of the psychic variety, and when you dared to look into her eyes your soul became a blank Dead Sea scroll and she the siren scribe of your destiny. During their final meeting, after Stan had attended his graduation commencement ceremony, she implored him to, "Never cease aspiring after the good life. If you ever stop creating, Stan, you'll become a miserable, wretched person to know. I know I'd never want to speak with you again." Then she burst into tears that

revealed her sincerity. Stan stood awkwardly before her and just shrugged his shoulders. How could he know what the future might hold in store for him? He couldn't tell her a probable lie, however well-intentioned a statement it might have been. Liberal Arts students become salesmen or something equally banal, *if* not amoral, in spite of all the grand ideas that are part of that curriculum. This was common knowledge, even then. Any statement to the contrary might have seemed boastful and so would have been out of character for Stan, who approached his relationship to a kindred spirit as a scientist would his pet research project. What purpose would fabrication serve where truth is the paramount objective? Anyway, the dream, as Stan recalled it to Liz, went as follows.

Stan is in black leather revving a chopped-down Harley Davidson in front of his aunt's house on Long Island. The house is altered structurally. In reality its is a low-ranch style structure, but in the dream it has an upstairs extension, the entire face of which is covered with jalousie windows whose louvers were opened wide, through which one could see shiny wooden bleachers and the entire membership of Stan's maternal family. Everyone was drenched in bright yellow light. He takes his Harley down the street and commences psyching up for a dare-devilish jump over a row of parked cars. It is dark. Stan's family is looking toward the left at him. He engages the gear and goes flying up the ramp. His familial spectators follow his flight like fans at a tennis tournament as Stan flew through the air toward their right. It soon becomes evident to Stan that his jump will

fail. He flies from the bike and pavement comes rushing up. He awakes in his childhood bedroom redone after an intensive care ward. His life is artificially sustained as he looks through the fog of his drowsiness and witnesses a doctor shaking his head negatively as he announces, "paralysis, from the neck down." The air is hot and an air duct blows soporifically. The sun is shining brightly through the tin, dusty Venetian blinds and around the glowing silhouette of a nurse tending to the medical machinery. She tucks him in and leaves and Stan dozes off. But his slumber is harshly interrupted by the sound of friction between metal surfaces. He awakes and sees a black knight standing at attention in the far corner of his room. The knight roars from deep within his terrifying panoply and charges at the helpless lump of Stan in bed, menacingly swinging his mace. About to deliver a blow to Stan's head, the knight desists and suddenly reappears in the corner he came from. This black knight scene ran repeatedly and, finally, faded to black.

END OF DREAM

Liz's first question was, "If you were paralyzed, how did you turn your head and see the nurse and the knight?" Stan was most concerned about the significance of the black knight. Liz proceeded with her analysis to the conclusion that Stan was the sort of person who would rather allow authority figures

to determine his destiny than exercise his free will and be his "own man". This interpretation did not satisfy Stan because it was entirely based on the assumption that his ability to turn his head was a blatant contradiction of what the doctor (the supposed authority figure) had announced--"paralysis". The irony of Liz's interpretation was the fact that Stan decided to reject it entirely as it tended to contradict his own understanding of himself as one capable of persevering where others tend to become winded and drop off. At that point he decided to make his visit with Liz, even though his last, shorter than he'd originally anticipated. As he walked toward the door she said, knowingly, "I can't change your dream, Stan." A boorishly smug statement, he thought, considering the open-endedness of possible interpretation ascribable to his ability to turn his head in the dream in spite of the doctor's conclusion.

The dream continued to rankle in Stan's mind for years. He began to believe that it represented his family's desire to have him in their midsts even at the cost of his mobility as a creature. At times this belief found vent in extreme outbursts of rage toward his family, which they could not understand in their innocent constancy and constant innocence. Yet, he was also equally aware of the bad effect of his frustrated dream of rock and roll stardom; perhaps a life-long aftermath of resentment for having so frivolously employed his youth. This fact alone was enough to force him into agreement with Shaw, yet he could not deny the sense of fulfillment he'd derived

from the wildness of his days of abandon, hence his ultimate disagreement with the playwright. Stan was still a frustrated dreamer, and the hurt was frequent and sometimes so severe that he contemplated reviving his old quest for stardom and giving himself once again to the process of curt auditions and artistic scavenging, a reality that is so abrasive to an enlightened heart.

That evening back in Camden turned out to be the last time he had seen Liz. He sent her one letter, to which he received no reply. He sent another, years later, which was returned unopened bearing the postal stamp made so famous by Elvis. For all Stan knew, she was no longer alive. Liz was the eeriest woman with whom Stan had ever shared his candid thoughts.

Dear Liz,

Here I am, back in Dullsville, where people sneak into their basements at night and repair their washing machines.

Sunset at Dullsville. The bus ride home from the department store where I work as Christmas stock help for minimum wage.

(I, the great essayist and statesman! C'est la guerre.)

How are you? I hope all of your personal and financial mess is over. As for me, I'm still trying to relax. I realized tonight that I'm pretty far from my goal. One of the guys at work asked whether I needed a ride home, and I said no. I took the bus and arrived home much later than I would have had I accepted the favor. I'd take the bus ,I reasoned,

because I don't want to fall from grace with myself a scholar by fraternizing with a pleb. I've got to keep waving these silly flags. They're all I seem to have at the moment. However, I'm progressing from way back in the psyche. I'm becoming more and more able to let context have me without rebelling with some clandestine argument of self, independence and excellence. More and more, conversation flows, and if it seems trite, I don't get disturbed and attempt to brighten or deepen what is being said, again, in the service of a secret nobility. I just try to accept the fact that the mind has many footpaths as well as great thoroughfares, bridges and tunnels. I can't recall the footpaths at this point in my career, perennial transcendentalist that I am, and as you are, if my memory serves me. The conscious rational abandonment of oppressive moralities is supposedly what makes nations more democratic. I hope this principle works for me in practice. Maybe this would tend to allow me the mental freedom I need.

Well, it's time that I wrap up this tirade and say so long. Tell your kids '01 Stan says hi. Write soon.

Love,

Stan Pecadillo

After reading Stan's letter on her steps, Liz tisked and curled her lip contemptuously for its pretentious tone, then sat there

alone in her cat-scented parlor, not thinking. The purpose of her sitting in the musty old chair in her parlor was to smoke a cigarette. She did this with a sense of appreciation with which a fine cellist might sit in her loft and serenade herself with some rich product of an effort greatly acclaimed: "Stravinsky's such and such for cello and...." The pleasure of perfection manifest, when smoke becomes a bluish reptile in form continuous with fog that gravitates into mustiness of decor. And the street rumbling with traffic in unison to one's nerves stepped up per milligram per puff.

Liz recognized no talent in herself. At the moment she was the corporate executive with many talents checked by business obligation, or maybe a thirst for a certain ruthless stoicism as she inhaled and exhaled sensuously, mouth open, grayish tongue up-curved like a tombstone adamant to the fog. Her jaundiced face framed by straight, not pretty, black hair and her head back with nostrils aimed at the world outside like hostile respiratory artillery canons. The image she struck might have been a portrait entitled "Dragon Lady" or "Vulkyrie". The weary chair that she sat in was inseparably hers, just as Mona Lisa maintains unquestioned claim to a certain stretch of canvas. Liz in chair smoking cigarette. Liz in chair reading. Liz in chair entertaining esoteric guests. Liz in chair alone and weeping. Liz.

It had been about five years since her divorce from a high school drop out bearing what she claimed was a genius' I.Q. "Ego problems," she'd confess. Ego problems! Stan could not help but wonder what this alleged genius was confessing to his

friends back in San Francisco: "I needed some younger stuff."

Aside from this more or less mundane attribute, Stan could find nothing else unpoetic about Liz. She taught children art in the manner prescribed by Count Leo Tolstoi himself. She loved old homes and had a certain spiritual connectedness with the walls she occupied. Her greatest worldly contention was the issue of social standardization, which, she maintained, she viewed purely as an observer. In fact, she would become wrathful out of a sense of claustrophobia whenever she felt conscious of being observed from a relativist vantage with an eye to social redeemability. She so much desired humanity's evolution out of the practice of social designation that she would at times cry out of frustration that people did not recognize the value of her ideal and the fact that it was so much more realizable than all the doubting Thomases presumed.

The pains of impatience with social evolution were too burdensome at times, thus Liz came to appreciate simple things that she could have immediate control over: the cigarette smoke from her own body and the position of her body in its own familiar chair. She would have made a good partner in life, but Stan dared not approach her in that way. It had become too firmly established that she was the wise Contessa and he her proud Cirano, content to behold but never venture to touch her cryptic largesse.

Chapter II. Ars Absurdum.

The dreams of Stan Pecadillo were not just cocktail party curiosities. In fact, the dreams of Stan Pecadillo were penetrating enough to kill the blithe spirit of recreation, hence Stan never attended social functions. His separateness, unbeknown to all but himself, was an ontological fact of life, and would continue to be so for as long as he lived. How, for instance, could he ever share his Thunderbird dream with the likes of weekend evening chatterers?

Thunderbird was a climactic moment of his rock and roll life; that segment of reel-to-reel tape that captured three years' work toward a sound that was intended to be, though never was, a Super Nova of pop music known as Auto Apple. Many hours of performance by this band were captured on tape, but not until the Thunderbird segment, which lasted all of seventy-five feet at 7 1/2 i.p.s., did the historical value of recording become apparent. Thunderbird, like most of Auto Apple's music, was an abstract from a continuous jam session. Jamming, in fact, became their method of composing. They would take some melody written by a member of the band, and ad lib with it until something began to happen to it musically.

Their singer/lyricist would attend these sessions with a stack of his writing and flip through the pile as the music played, and he would join in vocally with words he felt appropriate for the on-going music. But Thunderbird specifically echoed loud and continually in Stan's agile mind, often fending off sleep for hours into the night. One night, however, after a heavy drunk and frolic on the town with his fellow "Autos" in

madcap rock and roll folly, Stan fell fast asleep and soon the Thunderbird theme began to play as both dream animation and incidental music to the dream.

The four members of Auto Apple are walking down rail road tracks in the middle of a freight yard, as Muddy Waters might have it, in their stage personae: American Serpent on vocals, Prince Frankenstein on lead guitar, Mr. Christian on bass, and one Oxy Rybo (alias Stan Peadillo) on drums. As the Thunderbird theme begins, Oxy Rybo exits stage left behind a barn, and returns airborne, naked, with a glass penis spitting lightning at the earth. He flies back to his cohorts who look up and run off to respective places somewhere in the mental darkness and return to the tracks in fantastic/absurd costume, and board a flatbed railroad car which begins to roll and finally becomes airborne in pursuit of the mythic Oxy Rybo over cities and fields in clear blue sky. Their costumes were as follows: The American Serpent, more or less Flash Gordon, except that he held a glowing trident; Mr. Christian wore a three-piece suit and his skull was split down the middle from which sprouted a thriving New York City; Prince Frankenstein wore a glittering get-up, probably worn by doormen in Atlantis with the addition of a 2 by 4 beam bolted to the top of his head, and on each side of which hung a large crystal chandelier.

As the Thunderbird theme resolved itself into a blues segment on tape the wooden flatbed car followed the naked, long-haired Oxy Rybo back down toward terra firma and finally onto the rails where the foursome known by an imagined public as Auto Apple resumed their walk in a fashion after a Muddy waters song.

The auditor of Cefco, Inc., would not easily find such

a psychological profile amusing, knowing that it once played as a command performance in the mind of one of his cherished company's account executives. Oxy Rybo was not fit for the job; however, three-piece suited Stan *Pecadillo* was. Yet, Stan was surreal by nature so, despite corporate protocol, he would always make certain that, at least in his own mind, all his functions during the course of his business hours were festooned with the curious vegetation of his rampant fancy. We all reap what we sow, and in the end Stan seems to wind up terminated or resigned for reasons more metaphysical than orthodox in nature. He is continually looked askance upon for his mystically foggy countenance and anomalously high dialect when the rare occasion does arise when he sees fit to speak in earnest, usually for comedic input, which in the final analysis is far removed from earnestness.

Stan's arrogance was a tangent of his basically vulgar nature, acquired from the streets of Brooklyn directly, as well as friends and some family members. This was pointed out to him by a tall thin mid-western charmer, one-time Home-Coming Queen who won his heart and threw it back at him with the following note attached:

Dear Obnoxious Greaseball (i.e.
Eye-talian),

Keep your figment of love to

yourself and use it on your mother.

I seek the companionship of a
man who perchance will show me
the good life, high society, you
know, the beautiful people you
might have seen in photographs
in Playboy en route to the
centerfold to peruse the charms
of my likes.

With Extreme Satisfaction,

from a rare, sweet ass

P.S.

One your soul repelled.

Ginger

Stan couldn't block Ginger out with any chip on his
shoulder. She was the real thing and she cut him deep.
But he knew that she was not one to be kept by one man
unless that man were at least securely middle class and
stricken enough by supermarket rack romance to both feed
and placate her in her flights of fancy and hour of need.
Once he considered her in a lucid daydream.

"Ginger!" Stan cried out across the stormy heliport. She turned in the heavy dusk, New York Times shielding her brilliant blonde hair from the rain. She stood and Stan ran to her and they both looked closely at each other's face under his enormous umbrella.

"About my possessiveness, Ginger. I don't want to lose *you* ---- " But he already had, because the fact that he wanted to be with her so much, Ginger reasoned, was blatant proof that there must not be much going on his own life, and what girl wants a guy whose life has nothing going on in it except her? Especially when she knows herself all too blandly well. So Stan pleaded and clutched Ginger's bygone shoulders and received what every wounded puppy deserves, but what no self-respecting man wants: the gift of pity.

Ginger gave him a false smirk of regret and dashed off for the helicopter that was waiting to take her from Port Authority to the vicinity of her apartment on eastern Long Island where she would resume her sculpted life of supervisor of a staff of technical writers in the publication division of an up and coming sanitation engineering

firm by day, and single discontent parent
and weekend club date singer. Stan could
still call, if he wished, but he should
not expect a positive outcome to his calling.
Each day, you see, should be lived
individually and judged according to its
merits in retrospect.

As for Stan, he knew that this would happen. There were
just too many items of contention in their relationship.
Besides Ginger's parents were divorcing, which upset her
deeply. She also announced her resurgence of love for a
previous "person" in her life who, though he bore a close
resemblance to a four-eyed pot-bellied basset hound,
coincidentally was the owner of a talent agency and so,
just maybe, he could turn out to be her destiny in more
ways than one. Yet Stan really wanted her and so forgave
her fetish for younger men who played electric guitar,
her stretch marks and faulty sphincter muscle responsible
for her sometimes "going in her panties". After all, what
did Stan Pecadillo amount to? He had over-due bills and
was forced to reside with his mother at the not-so-young
age of twenty seven, due to his financial incapacity. Ginger
was thirty, paid her own rent and read articles in magazines
concerning modular behavior as an existentially aesthetic
alternative. Nihilists say the same sort of thing, only
with much more gravity; but they're weird and so have to

be published by "stuffy" houses like Dover and Penguin.

But still, for all his viciously spewn descriptions about her, Stan loved Ginger. He will always love the memory of the girl with the beauty mark on her cheek like the late, great Norma Jean.

She waltzes clumsily
in the Argyle House of God
yesterday's vomit
her commoner sod,
discloses in vestibules
along the wall
flying high's secret:
one must be tall.

She sings hoarsely
in little-known bars
blithe and pretentious
sweet innocence cowers,
and as daylight comes
her daisies sour in
what might have been
her finest hour.

Ginger, dammit! I still love you!

True or False?

When a person extends his hand to another for no apparent reason, he would have opted for violence had he felt certain of victory.

This adage, or rather credo, has been the guiding light of the Pecadillo family perhaps even before they arrived at Ellis Island in baggy peasantine pantaloons. Stan

believed in it for most of his life, which made him come off rather anomalously among the Woodstock generation--not to be mistaken for the Pepsi generation. The process of his skepticism toward this hereditary declaration of war on humanity commenced during his violent bouts with his poor alcoholic wife, Danielle, and became established after Ginger's cruel adieu. In his mind the mid-western queen was a fine opportunity that surely would not knock again. As far as he was concerned, the Pecadillo family could take the infamous chip from their shoulder and use it as a fatal suppository on one another. And even if their unconscious insights into the Hobbesian side of man were valid, it does not mandate that everyone should consequently pursue the barbaric modus operandum of "kill or be killed". Stan looked forward to writing and playing drums and being in love. He did not want to play a roulette game whose stakes were life, liberty and pursuit of happiness via a felony charge that would certainly stick sooner or later during the course of a life of confirmed violence. Besides, this infamous chip on his shoulder was an awful burden to him, a cloud over his head on even the sunniest of days. He wanted to feel a day in the spirit of a "Have a Nice Day" button, but could not because from the moment he'd step out of his front door he anticipated a provocation that would require nothing less than mortal counter measures. To Stan a park was simply not the lively serene place it was to the helium balloon vendor, or the proud

young parents behind a shiny new stroller carrying the precious cargo of twins asleep. Stan always wanted to fight that son of a bitch somewhere out there in the world who thought, only thought, mind you (poor deluded schmuck), that he had 01' Stan Pecalillo's number. "Here I am, mother fucker, please find me!" Stan's thoughts on how he'd handle the sorry bastard who dared to mess with him were intensely violent and charged with emotion. He'd bite out his fuckin' larynx! He'd chew off his fuckin' eyebrows! He'd take out his eyes and replace them with his balls and, if there were a needle and thread handy (like in those Bugs Bunny cartoons) he'd play monster surgeon and sew up his eyes where his balls were. "Pecadillos unite! Aaaaaaahhhh! Mutha fucka! I'll go apeshit on the cock sucker!" That phantom was doomed, face it.

Stan Pecalillo, like his crazy uncle Dominic who had to do time for being such a fuckin' nut, was capable of a hatred deeper than the love most holy men maintain for their Creator. During his flights of violent description and graphic displays for the captive audience of family or friends, and quite a few Germanic cylinders labeled "Budweiser", Stan was a peacock in its proudest plumage. Yet he was aware during the course of his performances that he was way out of kilter with the accepted order of the day. It took a woman's necessary belittlement to open his eyes permanently. Not even university certification of his mind succeeded in taming him. It took a woman to

show him the value, the necessity of peace on earth. Hence the implied epistle of his life thereafter.

Dear Woman,

Please forgive my dumb carcass for having been everything a man should never have been.

Love,

Stan

Stan sat almost dumbstruck watching the aunt from the mid-western motorists who sat on the front porch obligingly munching the corn-on-the-cob given to her to hold her over while she waited for the men in her family to complete their tinkering under the hood. She was a detail of another age, a time when to be pastoral was venerable. As Stan watched her chewing in near-bovine felicity, proudly alien to these parts, a lump rose in his throat. He knew that pending the completion of a few mechanical procedures their lives would return to a state of mutual oblivion, if not antipathy toward one another. Cousin Charles was tittering on his clarinet to Benny Goodman playing on the Victrola as the dinner dishes clattered into place in the pantry.

The repairs completed and goodbyes and thank yous expressed, Stan exchanged glances with the beautiful blonde niece in the back seat until the green Country Squire rolled off the end of the earth. It's the gone littlest niceties that well up most profound in the proud neck. That afternoon's unforeseen visitation taught Stan the virtue of being a less proud denizen of anywhere. For what is to reside at a place when our hearts can be given more deeply to a thing beyond?

Stan's bitter dialogues written by the playwright Ginger blossomed perennially but dubiously, like garlic. When darkness settled and others slept peacefully, Stan tossed in unrelenting contradictory sexual torment. "The queen hath exiled me despite my noblest of brows! Fuck the Anglo cunt! Piss on her! Barroom sleaze! Oh, my darlin' Clementine. She'll pass. It'll take another lover, but she'll go from heart. But the fear of hurting again so soon after this last amorous blaze. Ginger, come to me and say that you love me and then evaporate, or else vaporize me with your subtle euthenasia. To die at your hands would be bliss. (Holy shit, Stan!)"

Stan felt like his own mother. Some boy-girl metaphorical colossus with beard and capacity for foul language. I am not then. I am now. Then is in my head alone. My then.

My now. Now is already then. See the second hand sweep
five after, then ten. But, where is the then of four seconds
after? Or six? Or seven point two after? Me! Now! When,
though? Now or then? Stan Pecadillo, father-less since
some moment back then, where? Infant-child-man with future
impending, days on end until the end. When? Standing alone
in a disco drinking beer after beer mechanically among
cold steel strangers. Females are not soft bedfellows
always. Tonight they are a plague and are so avoided.
The defendant speaks to himself [mother is doomed •..aunts,
uncles, friends, pets, self •••all doomed. When?]Better
return home and write to fend off superstition or rather
fear of the inevitable. Face reality with the written
word. But there is no conceivable bridge. Having faced
true ultimacy, there is only to endure. The Beatles were
once an elixir to this common mental pestilence until it
became evident that they, too, are doomed. There is only
to strive to relent from this awareness and proceed
passively as it takes its toll.

writing is only a solution in that it helps unfurl the
taut ego in the winds of an ever-potential publicity. For
many, this quality of writing represents a witch trial
where the nerves of the guilty are finally relaxed through

the truth of the deserved punishment of public scrutiny, perhaps an ennoblement of what might otherwise have amounted to masochism down some rather desolate sociological alleyway.

Alright, thought Stan, alright! I'll go along with the human stream to the inevitable destiny of my kind; a hyperbolous man-boy on a summer afternoon, along with cathedral bells palling my rooms with their solemn signal of time of day, bench mark along the way of society's mortal demise. I, the withdrawn gargoylesque soul at peace behind the bricks amending. The withdrawn, pathetic man-boy grimace so comical to heinous drunks, so inspiringly challenging to people of religion, and so magnetic to stray souls in search of today's magic residence. The oxymoronic satirical minds, which renders society a paltry abstraction while the necessity of carnal presence renders the bearer of such tidings victim of the object of his often imagined transcendence. Thus one seeks to transcend oneself continually through a homosapien gauntlet as the medium which makes apparently possible the attainment of goals such as those Plato spelled out across his cosmos of archetypes or "forms". This attainment process itself constitutes an ideal in that it is a concept of a concrete destiny. The actual carnal process of striving to arrive there is messy and painful physiologically (which includes intellectual psycho-somatic tremers), and in the end does not attain general appreciation unless the achiever attains

the fame which becomes heroism. Even then his approximation of his own ideals and the causal gauntlet resulting in their eventuation are only appreciated by the few who happen to be likewise disposed. Those all-too-few who understand that honest living requires as first principle that one be passive in a way that allows reality to speak for itself in the quite terms of virtue. Squallor is reality's message to an overly aggressive mankind; the squallor of war, of poverty through intense egocentrism resulting in elitist displacement, a state of affairs in which a disproportionate volume of money and political interest is drawn from the general pool of potential sustenance, leaving nothing for many. Moreover, if men must feel the sensation of glorifying actors, then let them become medieval in their approach and set up provincial movie companies whereby they could scout for actors and plots among their own likes and fancies, have an actual vote in the substance of their own entertainment. The democratization of art, not the tyranny of standards resulting from a relative scarcity of minds so endowed to create grandiose unlikenesses of common life as most will never know. This is tyranny of the basest sort because it alienates the majority from its own creative capacities, and as though this were not sinful enough, it does so with finances obtained from the purses of its alienated fans consisting of people so aghast at the mundane aftermath of their own daily drudgery in the service of someone else's profit margin that their

alternative is either to surrender to the humiliation of giving a portion of their unhappy income to the entertainment industries that govern their aesthetic judgement, or remain within their intellectually hollow walls at home and writhe in the cruel mental stranglehold of ennui. (Egalitarian tirade erupts at reality's slightest downturn, leaving citizenship a moot point in the final hedonistic analysis.) So runs the implicit phantasmic coaxing of the status quo. You'd better like where you are, because it's the best possible world for you. Why? (we ask at gunpoint). Because the odds of our letting go of our luxury are somewhat less than those of the neat removal of a molly screw from a crab's ass. You see, bulb-nosed peasant, if you should actually try to deprive us of the substance of our cultural elevation above you, we'll leave you a continent so cluttered with the worthless debris of our undoing that you'd wish you could turn back the clock and do with even less than you've got today.

[Fade to Black]

An aside about suicide.

The true test of what one is worth in life seems to be the question of whether anyone who would discourage one's suicide is held in respect by the intended victim, society or both. Cock a pistol at your temple and tell the first

policeman to arrive at the scene that you request media coverage as a necessary condition to reconsideration. Having attained that, demand over the airwaves for twenty-four hours that anyone who knows you personally contact the precinct local to your mortal exhibition and reveal his credentials. If any of the respondents to your request are held generally commendable *in* some respect, then *it* is likely that you are worth something to someone other than yourself. If this should turn out not to be the case, then you must decide whether you should predicate your *raison d'etre* on outside commendation. The ultimate question for the decision to be wholly individualistic is whether that decision is in some way a response to the outer influence of certain Darwinian implications and notions of commendability.

The Suburban Taxi Driver, Or, What Makes Life Truly Fulfilling Is The Extent Of Appreciation We Maintain For Our Individual Experiences.

"6:30 am. Moving gossamer images gossip in flouroscopy, skeletal confession of man's dark essence. The dispatcher's office waiting for the first fare to, most likely, the train station. The difference between what I am about to

do today and winning an Oscar is that today I will get into my cab and drive until 5 pm, whereupon I will leave the office with my earnings and return home; whereas, were I about to accept an Oscar, I'd be well-dressed, famous, apparently grateful and maybe recorded in motion picture history, barring profound typographical error. The desirability of the two depends on whether one more desires or needs to earn a living in commerce or is obsessed with the history of the motion picture industry to the extent that one must strive to gain for oneself a place in it. There is magic in obsession, complacency in necessity. Magic inspires. Complacency requires.

I am not proud of myself. My beaming machismo has dwindled to the futile preoccupation of wherefore in a dismal teleology of ego; ergo flesh-and-blood blank identity on a whirling planet whose motion is not seen relativistically and so is none other than the substance of the mundane status quo. My existence is a violation of my dreams, a crime punishable by a life sentence in harsh, unrelenting self-effacement. My dreams are a mystical aberration from the socio-economics of a poor credit line, and an aberration indeed, as the ideal of society would caste me. I am seriously flawed as an individual. Doing my laundry I imagine myself as organized and efficient as Ginger. Ginger and her new man. Both working and participating in society as successful people, and I, Stan Pecadillo, here alone without enough money to support himself and living with

his mother and feeling awful and wanting to cry and drinking too much coffee and indulging in whim, even now aware that I am a romantic on paper while a sham in the flesh. The University is just a memory, another letter written to myself from a figment of Macedonia, which I keep around the house in order to maintain an aura of nobility about myself and receive the esteem of a landed somebody among a caste of self-avowed no ones. T.V. ratings indicate something about popular self-esteem. I once thought that hardship would teach America a long-overdue lesson in self-esteem. The myth of our impromptu inventiveness with Betsy Ross our own Clotho. What is the animus to happy life? Certainly it must be something constant. Not the transitory flitting through neon possibilities: am I not suited for acting? writing? music? art? Oh, surely, something glamorous is my calling. Ginger was or unfortunately perhaps still is the sort of woman who can catch the eye and steal the heart of a man who has never had a romance with a beautiful woman. And she can take, love and leave on this level with truly graceful bitching alacrity. Forever, for Ginger, is a matter of quantity not quality. Qualitative forever requires the heat of passion, and America the voracious fancies itself cool. Cool is in and fads can bear Darwinian efficacy when adopted as differentia among selections of Top 40 human temperaments.

Moods, Inc.

Profit never

motivates

notorious

Blank slate of mind

amalgamated

chemistry

set in its ways

"What possesses a man, etc.?"

Begs the question "how"

whence Aristotle

Thelonious Monk

still-barns pickled at old

Coney Island

greasey men looking into

one another's eyes
macabre mesmerization that perhaps
woman
Famous Amos
(& Infamous Andy)
Bristol Cream is just sherry, but
the public
the senate
Wall street
Adolph Hitler ssshhhaaaaaving to Wagner
dawn
Mesopatamia
traffic jams
blizzards
pajamas
a lone bird chirping in the wee hours
proud Afros dancing as peacocks
Anglo-Saxons' poor imitation,
none of this
motivated by profit

Dishwater blood
repulsive to a chopping Scot,
never to be red
(never to be real blood)
queazy
wincing

burning eye
burning sinus
burning kidney
aching limbs
rotting teeth
incomplete
bastard of bastards
in ultimate ergo
world without end
(as energy is non-destructible)

Amen.

ultimate Outsider Blues

What puts a man outside the ranks of fellowship is the intensity with which he conceives himself as chieftain over himself, the subjective destiny of the universe. The success of such destinies is measured by the likelihood of its pleasing its subjects in the event of actualization. Should chance keep one forever separate from his own actualization, he must live a life of silent derision toward himself until the unlikely event he discovers a happy substitute. En route to his destiny, however, the believer is outside of all. He cannot be further

removed from society. He has rendered himself a being of pure psychology, therefore he rejects all but himself as impertinent to his existence. He is the Ultimate Outsider. And, ultimately, there is no tyranny but that of reality over those fallen from pinnacles of their own failed plotting.

Chapter III. The Three SIS of Autobiography
(Son, Sentience & Sensuality)

The son of a deceased ex-soldier ponders ghoul's of coincidence through the implication of photography bespeaking possible degradations through remonstrance a la two-dimensional mustache. Stan, who knows his male procreator solely photographically and perhaps altogether falsely through familial testimony of his wartime valor, circumspectly disapproves of the mortal enormity secreted along the temporal wall of his three brief decades. The whispered blasphemies of the deliberate historical misrepresentation of a father to his son has given dubious vantage toward a world craving to be beheld in Godly honesty. The monstrosities we inevitably forge emblematic of our will obtains testament, crippled and agonized in mortally humiliating contrast to nature's rationale, the order of peaceful mutuality. Families and other partisans in their service of some self interest reluctant to acquiesce in nature's rationale, the order of peaceful mutuality. They vie and render one another one another's obstacle first and foremost; for them humanity is less than a common experience de facto. They may be subject to lofty verbiage, swirling majesties of apparent virtue and other sigh elicitation's purporting to issue from way up in nobler skies. But such instances are the meanderings of a warrior's mind momentarily in repose and awaiting the next bellicose dawn. In their hearts they laugh at the notion of the manifestation of nature's rationale--mention Sir Thomas More to a Conservative--and know under premise of false belief that their counter-partisans are in fact, first and foremost, simply their earthly obstacle, and vice versa,

The depth of the darkness which filled the room was emphasized by a mist that was in fact the ghost of father. It swirled once, somewhat, then back, then divided into an array of puffs .which became stream-lined as they danced to a primitive rhythm of eighth notes played monotonously by an unseen string instrument, a melodic line reminiscent of an other-wise sunny afternoon in lower Manhattan the day ..•

...Moses Played Piano In Washington Square

Sundays are Manhattan's
respite from itself
especially in summer
during a low business cycle
when invention is delegated
mother by categorical ennui
as art poses nude and
the police approve
And Sundays
contrary to Judaic tradition

Moses wheels his upright piano
to Washington Square Park
sets up altar
and plants a silver chalice
to his left
nearest his better eye
and plays a continuous
theme of pathos
theme of pathos
theme of gravity
mottled with human error
and he plays and plays
so softly and continuously
as to seem not to
as comers go when his
image and Truth are
reconciled in the disappointing
possibility that perhaps
the only tablets he's
offered man bear a stiff
penalty under
narcotics law.

Life takes place where life is intended to take place. Success is life, whereas analysis is a purported means. We analyze in order to help us live and reject non-solution in preference to *basic*, primitive peace of *mind* and await chance or another premonition to consider toward success. This is the process that we maintain through our breathing, eating, sleeping, *excreting*, hygiene and during all of the motions extensive to and among each and everyone of these processes. However, the ontology of each bodily function as well as the ontology of the thoughts we maintain (noumena) and their phenomenal referents, as well as our personal esteem toward ourselves as participants borne out of an appreciation for both utilitarian and *philosophical* importance, despite any flaws, real or imagined, on both the particular and founding ideal level, are modally separate and perhaps altogether impertinent to any such thoughts we maintain. We are direct as well as indirect (static condition vs evolutionary phase) and most certainly devoid of any capacity for a sympathetic causality continuous with our literal desperate attempts at emotionally persuading our reality, ego-solar system, toward a concept of an end that is apart from the end which we accept as inherent to the vague idea which we accept as the image of the world as it really is (which is our personalized and evolved view of a cosmically dispassionate and equally evolved reality into which we were awakened as fetuses).

Doubt is a stratum of sedgework which breaks into the nymph sphere on our darkest (sadistic, masochistic) command. (The

"nymph sphere" is where all is elusively beautiful hence tormentingly appealing to the forces of possessiveness, yet significant in its capacity to impart, indeed supply, ecstasy.) Masochism is not a premeditated desire to hurt oneself. Masochism is the participation in a theater wherein cruelty is sublimated and hybridized into sexual expression where much surrendering and domineering (agencies and clientele of ill-conceived aggression) takes place and, moreover, wherein this activity is supported by the individual in a mental state akin to discipleship of the fact of agony and misery, and is so complete in its hold on the individual mind that all possible roles therein are equalized into the status of most cherished opportunity, and so is availed upon indiscriminately out of unstated deference.

We relinquish effort in order to remain relieved, concluding that this feeling is sufficient evidence of the reality of any positive statement made thereof. An apparent relinquishment of effort is not to be confused with an absence of need to strive. We are alive in age where we have gained control of our possible dark destiny as a race in a way more thorough than nature has ever been treated. We also have gained control of a means to carryon beyond nature and without her pastoral grace at all. This state of affairs amounts to the subjugation of earth to the ego of man, leaving man the fabricator of both Libido and Thanatos and, so, free to choose between longevity and demise. Because super nations are equally capable of both forces, the decision is a test of whether man's survival is

more important to him than any idiosyncrasy of political claim to justice. Many of us driven to the inspired heights of space-age fancy are wont to condemn good '01 folks because we tend to consider them a bane to progress. But the principle of natural selection will leave us just as we need to be as a temperamental whole. Speaking as self-appointed diagnostician, however, I think that it is plain that our over-indulgence in sentiment is still endemic, which is to say that rationality continues to suffer loss of potential in statesmanship. Speaking from my experience as sentimentalist, I would have to say that sentiment begins as a lump in the spectator's throat and ramifies from that point to the extent of physiological monopoly. One sets out fawning at the idea of a personal mastery at clavichord-playing. As time goes by, the individual comes to realize that he is yet another turd in the shit heap called society, and so is left only to quietly pine over his one-time mouse quest-not that mastery is mousey in any way, though feeble contemplation of anything is. One's thoughts become monopathic in a sentimental stream toward a never-to-be-had end, and so one's own life becomes secondary. What a tragic situation! Consider this with respect to Plato's Theory of Reality, a theory whose grandeur is apparent only to those skilled at the fine art of cloud perambulation, which indicates a mind appreciative of the virtue of peace on earth.

The idealist is one who realizes that truth is the impetus to our earthly actions and that our conscious actions are all reactions to ideas and, so, the actions that constitute our

manifested reactions are actually expressions of our faith toward the causal idea. The idea being our Prime Mover, it is superior to our actions based thereon, in the sense that it preceded our action and, in terms of political allegory, has actual dominion over our lives through our thoughts. We are simply animate carnage without our minds, and our minds direct our actions absolutely. So, in this sense, plato is vindicated of any charge of absurdity, even from the most zealous materialists--thought always precedes action, even in the case of spontaneous reaction, as in the case of self-defense.

The final component to Plato's theory is art. What is art but the representation of a manifestation derived from an idea? Hence the hierarchy of our essential-most shades of enlightenment. Truth (ideas themselves), Implementation (objects manufactured after ideas as well as plans carried out) and Art (any symbol or representation not at all related to human necessity from the vantagepoint of primitive survival drive).

The shoe repairman awakes into a day consisting of chores whose purpose is the adjustment of poor quality resulting from the wear and tear of, supposedly, our daily transit toward our own perfection (the Hindic notion of dharma), which is also the desired or intended condition of our shoes. His purpose in life as "cobbler", is as discernible as his handiwork itself; and the same holds true of all occupations. (An interesting aside: the Hindu caste system includes 3,000 sub-castes and the u.S. Department of Labor lists 10,000 jobs currently available on American soil.) But what about purpose in the life

of one who dreams in a state of self-imposed exemption from the ends of his own dreams (ideas), who proceeds through life down a path that leads to a place where he would rather not be in order not to live out a life popularly believed likely to fail according to the usually negative statistical inferences of the demon "common knowledge"? The decision to choose a life path that is more tranquil than glorious need not reflect a frightened reaction to unpopular career option. Indeed, quite paradoxically to those of unwavering zeal toward bright lights and illusions of wreckless abandon, the decision to pursue tranquility as the norm might well indicate wisdom on the part of the traveler arrived at the fork where wonderlust must actually face a choice of either serious carpentry **or** a whistling jaunt whither. Wisdom, to the colorfully disposed, is the maintenance of success at getting money into the bank and other investments and social butterflying as PR subterfuge. Colorful convictions are blighted by the pragmatic norm. "Better store your nuts for winter" forewarn the pragmatists, while the colorfully disposed reply "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." Yet all things occur in degree as revealed through the possibilities of the statistical normal curve. So, as one may have decided against colorful pursuits, one is also prone to pine for their passing to the extent that the mind is capable of admitting philosophical dispositions that run contrary to one another.

But I am more extensively beyond this sort of conjecture. I represent justice as well as everything else whose ends are

human, hence my primary motivation is to ensure that whatever I do tends to promote good health. This is why I've been so ambivalent about playing popular music. Not only are its products often the incidental music to immoral conduct, but interaction with other musicians is more often than not akin to mud bathing, when coritrasted to all possible civil behavior. This is not so startling since the order of amorality consumptive of the products of much pop culture, slang awareness, is the same mental and emotional genre of a synthetic courage, or heroism staged solely in the minds of its beholders and fabricators. Apparently it is a rare mind that takes a musicological interest in the entire spectrum of music. Musicologists, a rare enough breed, have traditionally maintained only a limited interest in pop music But though I may presume to be somewhat omniscient at times, I realized that I am not the droll scholar type, regardless of what bystanders may surmise.

Why do I come off so haughty when I address certain topics? Perhaps it's because in my desire to make a point about a certain subject I tend to use language and diction which my mind strongly associates with that type of thinking. The way of scholarship is high brow in temperament. This statement is equivalent to an admission that there is a definite psychological homogenization that must take place if we are to lead civil lives. Civilization requires intelligent reflection on life in certain and all of its aspects by those who participate in it. Moreover, if one cannot reflect intelligently on an aspect of his life, he is either a mindless glutton or altogether

self-destructive, but in some way barbaric.

It may seem hypocritical that I am sitting and writing about others as if I am somehow qualified and they're not. But the only reason I choose to write is because after doing it a while I began to notice my life becoming redefined through these linear patterns of language. With this limitation comes the exclusion of many other activities once used to identify the norm which most people come to accept and never question, much less replace. Perhaps it is only those of us who have incessantly pondered the question "Of what use is the unexamined life?" who have gone on to brave the turbulent odyssey of extensive and on-going exposition as a parallel to what we call "life itself".

What use can there be to an unexamined life? The life of reacting to ideas without giving consideration to the possible alternatives, from political allegiance to choice of clothing and decor. The primary obstacle to this transformation is the fallacy that adults no longer have to do homework. This fallacy consists of the common assignment of political value to the chronological events of our involvement with society as represented through calendar, sacraments, fiscal seasons and even the number of Superbowls experienced, and so constitutes a cognitive transmutation of quantity of data into quality of life, in a rather cheap yet righteous theoretical sense. This leads directly and immediately to an opinion or preference in life that is based on the assumption that frequency of planetary motion and its behavioral consequences amounts to an absolute moral basis for the inhabitants of earth. The simple

contradiction to this alleged law of nature is the statesman who "gets caught". This is indeed a blow to the ethically aware-those who have bothered to achieve a level of civil self-hood which separates them from barbarism. The automatic interjection at this point from the devil's advocate among is "Well, didn't the guy who 'got caught' separate himself from barbarism in order to become a statesman originally?" To which the most complete retort is "Only in the event he is found not guilty. And, furthermore, taking the possibility of kangaroo justice into account, only in the event the statesman is found guilty."

I wish there were a rational way to address the entire cross-section of humanity about morality, but with so many calling themselves atheists, devout Catholics, agnostics, materialists, Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, et al, it seems that such an endeavor instantly finds itself faced with a dense wall of heated contention trembling to manifest itself in blood. This is the primeval aspect of man that continues to wish to manifest itself through sexually inspiring expressions of wild ritual, bereft of reason; abandoned, impassioned animus seeking occasion to take place secretly and richly behind the air tight wall between civilization and taboo. And though each separate ethical system resolves itself in the same source of inspiration, the good, the rules for arriving there are mutually proscriptive across the possible means to arrival at this universal end; e.g. Catholics cannot be Catholics and marry in another church. This in itself is bad enough in its regressive effect on history, but then we must consider the so-called secular treatment of

justice with its dubious quality status as the result of graft, bias or simply judges seeking to validate their paranoia at the expense of the defendant. There is also the micro-totalitarianism of management vs labor and its myriad psychodramas in various scenarios of intimidation tactic directed at a spectrum of people rendered meek through fear--the illegal alien, the widow or widower nearing retirement age, etc. The "out of sight, out of mind" approach to justice nullifies ethics and clears the continent for laissez faire battle. What Presidential candidate would be so bold as to platform his election campaign on the issue of ethical purity at the workplace? Yet, is there any patriotic worth to our society, whose laws allow business enterprise the carte blanche privilege to conduct subliminal psychological torture among its employees simply because business is one means of expressing freedom in our system? If so, then doubtless this institution of the few inevitably must be relinquished to the humanitarian institution of democratic government and its legal implementation through due process.

Along with our infamous social order comes many other mousey infractions common to this nation of shithouse Prima Donas in the back of whose mind lies a tiny silver screen on which they project themselves playing out their favorite roles full tilt. This immediately becomes a cultural matter which must gravitate to the subject of grace of movement, which equates with the general choreography of our lives as commanded through the popular media and music of our day. Today's music is powerful,

"heavy". It requires a strong, booming and clear vocal along with electronic arrangement and often a heavy beat or rhythm section--which is to say a basic 4/4 count played straight, without "swing". The most popular music of 40-50 years ago made use of swing as an inherent compositional element. Swing, as a low-key element to song makes for the perfect ambiance of grace and dance. This ambiance once played far beyond dance halls, over the air waves and into the daily common psyche, making the average citizen a species of swing through osmosis. All of America's favorite personalities were the consummate cultural specimen, an identity which by necessity encompassed the element known as "swing". The same process takes place in contemporary America; however, the ultimate musical criterion is not swing today, but rock. The cultural result is that the new American hero must contain rock as an essential attribute in order to make the grade among the theater-going public. The successful image in the rock-tune culture is a young man or woman dressed fashionably and appearing in public under the influence of some prestigious designer drug. This contributes deeply to the ambiance of courtship in the singles scene and with such force as to have created its own demographic segment which now calls from the ranks of the family, to the peril of those so blindly summoned and rebelliously determined to seek conversion from the traditional procession of history into an area which holds appeal for the kamikaze pioneer.

Chapter **IV.** Bringing in the Sheaves

Stan once reflected that the science of mental hygiene was pretty much a metaphysical department of sanitation and building department rolled into one. When a structure becomes weak from abuse, it has to be fortified or else it will collapse. Either way, whether it is fortified or it collapses, there is going to be a lot of debris to cart away so that the original beauty of the structure will be revealed to speak for itself. Trash and rubbish make a neighborhood unappealing. And anyone building responsible for a trashy-looking neighborhood is not going to at all be liked by the neighbors. "They should tear down that eye sore and then pave the lot. I'd rather see a parking lot there instead of that crap!" Stan often felt that his life, his all-too-painful and drawn out mysterious, secretive life, tended to reflect this type of relationship between himself and community as an emblem of social hygiene. This is what his mothers' neighbors saw over the years through their Venetian blinds:

The Italian kid across the way. His hair is getting longer. How can his mother let him wear his hair way down to his waist? Look at those guys with him with the guitars! Shouldn't he be in school at this time? Maybe they're a bunch of queers? Listen to them. You call that music? The whole neighborhood is rumblin'!

Oh, good, look, his hair is getting shorter. Maybe he's beginning to wise up..... Look at him now. He's carrying books. He must be going to college. Now where is he? Maybe he got married?

NO, I saw him with books during the Christmas holidays, so he's probably staying away at college somewhere, probably upstate, judging by the salt stains on his car~-it hasn't snowed here yet and my niece Doris and her husband are livin' up in the Rochester area and she said they just had three feet up there, so maybeOh, look, there he is with a girl. Maybe they're getting married? I can't make out whether they're wearing rings, though ...Look, he's unloading suitcases and he's alone. He took a cab home. I'll bet they had a fight? Sure they did! Look, three days gone by and there he is still home. He's a nice kid, though; he takes the old folks shopping and even to mass and other errands. I see him come out for the mail once in a while. Maybe he's on disability. I never see him work. Sure; about a year ago he was always runnin' in and out wearing a suit and tie. Remember when he was driving that other car? Yes, it was kind of a nice one. I wonder why he's drivin' that jalopy nowadays? I don't know, but I haven't seen him take a girl home lately, either. With a car like that is it any wonder? Yeah, he's weird. Always was, though. Remember years ago. Oh, yes, yes! Those guys with the guitars. My God the noise they used to make!

Stan had been thinking of changing his name and resume. Taking on a new persona might just add the edge to his personal psychology that he would need to beam his full sense of self worth. First graders become second graders, interns become

doctors, wise men sages, etc., etc. Why shouldn't he...? Bingo! chimed the moment. Bingo! Then, as he entered a state of reflection concerning this new venture, a mystical curtain was drawn over his mind's eye.

"Brothers and sisters. it's been another glorious week, and here we are, praise the Lord, at another covenant in the presence of our Father up in heaven. Now I think that that fact deserves at least a halleluiah out o' y'all! What d'ya say?"

"Halleluiah," the congregation returned amidst humble laughter.

"I can hear the humility in your voices and that is just sooooo goooooood, brothers and sisters, so very, very goooooood. Your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ wants you humble and you are humble because the Lord wants you that way. And He wants you that way lest you get to thinkin' that it is you who control your destiny. You who decide what is best for you. You who think you are a success start getting the idea that you are responsible for that success, that you somehow achieved what you have achieved. But, no, brothers and sisters, no! Please do not slap dear Jesus across the face through such idle boasting. Don't you dare claim to have done what you did, or that you have what you have. For it is as dust you and me and everybody is destined to become once again as it was dust that we all arose from at the dawn of time. Dust, brothers and sisters! They gray linty stuff that gathers under your bureau, your bed, your sofa, grandfather clock. Dust!" the preacher shrilly screamed unto his whistling microphone on that funeralesque summer Sunday morning. "Dust!

III

You, me, we are all destined to become of that state in body and mind along with all the other inferior things of this sinful place called 'earth' for lack of a better word. Yes, brothers and sisters, we are nothing! My \$500.00 three-piece suit is nothing. This Steinway baby grand piano, enormous Ludwig drum outfit and state-of-the-art P.A. system, as well as the Plexiglas pews we've installed for your sedantary wonder, none of these things are significant, brothers and sisters! And why? Well, I want to testify today, the second Sunday of April 1983, that I was visited by the Holy Spirit last night, and do you know what he told me?

"NO," was the reply, rather weakly.

"Huh?!" I replied the preacher in his characteristic psuedo drill sargeant persona.

"No!"

"Huh?!"

"No!" they replied again, louder and with more humble laughter.

"Well, I just wanted to see if you were listening."

Humble chuckle.

"Well, the Spirit came to me last evening and said, "Pastor Doug, tell the people tomorrow that both you and they are worthless! No, not just them, pastor, you, too are totally worthless! But no one should despair because your Father in heaven loves you more than all of His other creatures and he cares so much for you that He has granted you dominion over all life and all the things of this earth are yours provided that you accept the fact that you and everything else on this

planet are of absolutely no use to anyone, nor God Himself, except in so many mysterious ways that are beyond the scope of even our wildest reckoning. Can I hear one great big enormous halleluiah on that?"

"Halleluiah," the flock responded but a solemn silence punctuated this reponse.

"Awwwww, now you're all sittin' there like a flock of wounded doves."

Wounded chuckle.

"But I can't force y'all to listen. You know, it's like they say, 'you can lead a horse to water but you can't make 'im drink. In

As Pastor Doug said this a tone deaf woman echoed him as she read his lips.

"Obviously you haven't heard what I said. I said that I testify that the Holy Spirit came to me last evening and said to me, 'Psssst, Pastor Doug, tell them they are absolutely worthless unless they are ready to receive the love that Jesus has reserved for them. Tell this to them, Pastor Doug. Tell them so they can open their hearts to the Spirit and receive the gift of eternal life. I And, so, how could I put it to you in any other way, brothers and sisters? If you reject your worthless lives in exchange for the love of Jesus, you thereby exchange death for eternal life. Not a bad deal, huh?"

Less wounded, more humble chuckling.

"Beats any deal the New York Stock Exchange or OTB ever pulled off...and ever will, I hasten to needlessly say.

Humble laughter rises to a well-leavened roar as if to chant
"We shall overcome."

This scene was perfectly new to Stan. Born Agains were always something left in their own little prayer closets. What drove him to actually explore this situation? He wondered. He was always so strong. "Pillar of strength," is what Danielle used to call him. Danielle, whose nervous make-up in musical terms seldom demonstrated a tempo more than "prestissimo". Now, years later, he found himself with Kharm, a cosmetician become Born Again right around the time of the death of her loving father, who had sexually abused her in her girlhood. Many or most of this congregation were from backgrounds of varying levels of despair--alcoholics, a bi-sexual, casualties of divorce as well as members of poor families with one or more gravely ailing members. What was he, Stan Pecadillo, pillar of strength, doing here among so many anomalies or, as Republicans say, "losers". But, indeed, he knew he was special. Especially since "the pastor" spoke with him in private, after their introduction through Kharm, and proposed to Stan that he consider entering this rather apocryphal ministry. Very few Eye-talians knock 'em dead at the loose-fitting pulpit of Pastor Doug Ministries, you see.

Stan knew that, if he were to become a minister, he would certainly be no ordinary, vulgar sort of preacher who uses common idioms to convey basic allegory to an untutored flock of ailing souls~ **No**. Stan would utilize the classic methods of polemic.

He'd borrow from Cicero and Seneca, with a dash of Mussolini and JFK, too. He would not be just any preacher. He would be the world-renowned Super Preacher. He would come to overshadow the likes of Peale and Graham. He would preach the metaphysics of religious awareness. His message would be real and rich beyond the compass of mere adjectives like "poignant". His presence among men would consume the energies of populace and transform them into creatures apathetic towards politics, simply intent on grazing while robots ran industry. As a result, public spending would focus on parks projects and citizens would be given incentives to relocate to more consistently warm climes and perhaps squatter's rights for desert reclamation. The geodesic dome would become the symbol of national dwelling as realtors became more brotherly and the obsession with ownership eventually relinquishes altogether to a nation of one under God. All preachers would become his disciples and shortly it would be established that the Messiah has returned as Stanley Pécadillo. There would be heaven on earth at long last. National health would improve because there would be no national stress and strain. There would be no international affairs, but rather the love and milk and honey of aboriginal kindness as it might have been back in the days of Pangaea. Crippling disease, blindness and all of the traditional human miseries would not be miseries at all but simply conditions for deeper love. There are no problems right now, however. There really aren't. Listen to the wind. We are free and there are only problems among the few who arrange this state of affairs as the lunacy of their

own homes; their right to so behave protected by the 4th Amendment. Maybe, Stan thought, becoming an earth-shattering religious leader would only be redundant. And maybe this Glorious Rectification known as The Messiah becomes whoever happens to possess the human magnitude necessary to receive that most hallowed attribute from the cosmos.

Stan spoke with pastor Doug zealously over soy bean curd and goat's milk at one of the church functions--Rainy Tuesday, I believe was the occasion. The air was disturbed only by the cigarette smoke of a single errant sheep, as the congregation is affectionately called by the pastor, until the event of a nuclear disaster, in which case he shall refer to them, "Get the hell outta my way." Stan quietly referred to this scene to himself as a "figment of weird", and couldn't help but curl his lip in an expression of profound disgust over the sheepish buffet and bovine grins of brainwashed bliss beaming in the purportedly holy fluorescence of the disco-become-church basement.

Although he did not indulge beyond two or three services, Stan felt himself somewhat transformed into a different kind of thinker. He submitted to a laying on of hands. He spoke in tongues (which he realized was only his ability to scat sing acquired through his many years of jazz listening and drumming). He read all the scriptures through, especially that portion of the Old Testament as prescribed by Jesus Himself in the Gospel of Mark. He himself had become a little sheep-like and somewhat more bovine than he'd ever conceived possible for himself. He

"smiled upon his brother" daily. He began to rejoice, he felt, over the pure fact of life itself. And he was overjoyed over the realization that, though he might have sinned, as the religious refer to immorality, his behavior never really violated as many as one of the Ten Commandments. Stan's only problem was that of loving, which only The Good Book, of all books, could possibly teach. Stan was self-made in that because he was at odds with everyone in his immediate surroundings during his upbringing, he sought authority in books and other sources of wisdom, like good music and art. But none of these things could teach one the value of being loving as a way of life. Only The Bible could do that through its wondrous use of mystery, miracle, wrath, reason, compassion, passion and, finally, sacrifice and the eternal promise of goodness in store for us all after trial. No other book illustrates such a wealth of life's attributes so clearly and powerfully, and at the same time communicates the value of family to human purpose by ultimately establishing that one's place among others is one of equality through common origin. Therefore one should be wary of those claiming superiority over his fellows and find the heart to be compassionate toward those who have become so deluded, strapped with a life which the individual must endure forever because he has somehow found discontentment with the unchangeable natural order in which we are all equal and which we must all endure forever.

Yet one aspect of Christianity tormented Stan with all the effectiveness of water torture; namely, love. You cannot live

without it and still be truly good, and so to be good is to relinquish your freedom of total choice, he'd reason. Evil men are freer than good men, and as all men must have known love at some point between infancy and their present state, evil men still enjoy the fruit of the same basic goodness as good men without having to sacrifice worldliness. The basic contention between good and evil people is this. "Good people" are those who at some point became troubled about some recurring negative aspect of their lives until it grew to the point of becoming a dark cloud over their heads, and who could bear to live without sunlight without at least attempting to change that situation?

Heritage offers us spirituality as release from vicious, mundane circles, and having entered the "realm of spirit" we discover that the reason why we have been troubled by life is that we lacked the homogeneity of attitude toward a singular standard of goodness and, furthermore, that the force of suggestion in that direction is love. In fact, the inherent direction of love is goodness, and goodness is the only direction in life. Those who lack a spiritual appreciation of themselves find those given to love as "way of life" monopathic in their persistence and hence poor at poker games, the "singles scene", etc., where license to misbehave is the presumed Rosetta stone to successful society and courtship. So endemic is this presumption that anyone disposed otherwise is ostracized out of that rather garish community and left to prospect among the unknown remainder of humanity for an associate in love. And a5 unknown Q5 the identities of those remainins are their

whereabouts as well as the means to data which serve to provide that information.

The woman most capable of fulfilling Stan's needs is probably doing much the same as Stan as he lay thinking about her: at home with her parents after a lousy experience with a thing called "romance", for lack of a better word. Now perhaps reading, painting a picture, writing a poem, song, novel, etc. "She is obviously going to be at home while I am, if she is in fact the 'right' girl," Stan hypothesized. "So, I would probably stand a decent chance soliciting residences through the telephone directory and, if I persisted, using a convincing enough 'pitch', I could probably become acquainted with a number of very nice women."

Stan immediately set about the task of preparing a pitch. Before putting pen to paper, however, he searched within himself for the persona which he thought best represented his intentions. "Cool and shnazzy" tends to fizzle out quickly. "Dressed for success" is a grayish rendering of the same. "Wisdom!" Wisdom was the means that brought him to this conclusion, so his phone persona should somehow tend to demonstrate that wisdom, which is real wisdom after all, isn't it? But, can hard sales and wisdom possibly mix in a credible fashion? Does not one's having to resort to propagandist measures of persuasion tend to have the paradoxical effect of diminishing the quality of the objective conveyed by the voice of human desperation? Then what is wisdom? I dare say, wisdom is like swing: "If you have to ask," quote Satchmo, "you'll never know." If Stan Pecadillo,

wise man, senses there is something wrong with hard-selling wisdom by phone, then something's wrong, and so it shall not be done, unless of course Stan should choose to behave in a manner that even by his own definition is unwise. Since wisdom cannot be rendered a commodity suitable for the free market system, perhaps he can come up with some other courtable aspect of himself that can be traded on the big board.

Now, what is it that human beings have that they can sell as a commodity and that may constitute a mutually beneficial transaction? HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM. No, that is illegal and gigiloining is certainly, not a morally gratifying end.

Stan recalled Ginger's confession during that long Labor Day weekend when she disconnected the phones in her apartment so that she and Stan could really get to know one another. She told Stan that she hadn't seriously thought of marriage again until he entered her life. Stan was very pleasantly surprised and floated on that blissful bubble until she decreed it should "pop" somewhere within the 72 magic hours born of its utterance. Then the heliport scene again. Humans are born with a love and reassurance quotient which must be fulfilled in order to avoid lunacy and violence. When the environment of one's rearing does not supply enough of these basic necessities of mental hygiene, one must seek out this substance elsewhere in the world.

Occidental man is drawn to his society's Judeo-Christian

spiritual undercurrents for guidance through their ideals of Man's truth, manna, the soul's nutrition inherent to the universe.

Yet there are religious people who are discontent with their lives, very unhappy in reality, who cannot seem, to reconcile their intentions and professional resume with the rewards of religiosity. Impressive toward one another within their system of wit and wile under the influence of the temporal prestige of the church that would have them. But wit does not equate with wisdom.

Wit is the usurpation of a moment of status quo in the service of heroism, the means by which femmes fatale and hommes cavalier have come to identify themselves among the general public and thereby, presumably, ensure romantic worthiness among the validity of stars in the sky. wit is the abstract panoply whereby the homosapien becomes warrior, which establishes a state of warfare, which we know entails winners vs losers. Wisdom could never be so assinine.

Wisdom knows all, with a conviction that denotes all is worthy of understanding. The wise man has become a popular comic image in America because America believes that were it to cease coming off witty, the means to our national carnage affectionately known as "competition" (license to degrade one another through a rather chic-sounding device known as "laissez faire" government, in spite of the fact that ad hominum speech is understood to be the lowest tack in public argument), would itself cease and we would all somehow perish.

But America's fear of wisdom manifest as comedy is actually a defense mechanism developed by the lower I.Q. in order not to be intimidated or dominated by an intelligentsia. Seen in this light, plebian comedy, or chuckle matter for the multitudes, is indeed insurance of the identity of low-brow intelligence yet, ironically, one analytic step backward reveals a powerful intellectual process through an understanding of the political and historic implications inherent in the fact of diverging I.Q. levels and the near-miraculous consequence that the dark implications of this condition does blossom into the sometimes uproarious reaction to the punchline, assuring us that the categorical imperative of aesthetic man is valid still, evidence that hope for harmony lives. Unfortunately, this apparently meritorious aspect of comedy is borne out of an ideal rendering of things, leaving practice a conjectural domain apart.

One could easily get into his car and drive to a local bar and encounter enough discouragement to become depressed enough to turn in for the night. One of the frightening wonders of freedom of choice, to those of us who earnestly maintain that we are all created equal, is that we feel compelled to test this hypothesis from time to time by availing ourselves of America's wondrous roadwork by which we, in a matter of minutes, can drive from a holy place to a living nightmare. The temptation to experience "it all", because it's there, is what makes one of democratic spirit seem "earthy", unpolished, to the would-be Knob-Hillers among us, and therefore unseemly and unwelcome, or anthropologically amusing, at best, because the beliefs of

that class of purportedly upward aspirants have converged in their minds and hybridized into a synthetic type of awareness best called "psychocentrism". This psychocentrism is the primitive instinct that more is better become an unwritten socio-economic constitution, whereby economic factuality intimidates according to one's place along the Hindu-esque vertical continuum of wealth, and whereby that very continuum is one's sole source of faith in the binary order of "down here" and "up there", "us" versus "them", etc. The monopathic material order of industrial function in which a dove called inspiration is weighed with a critical eye to cook book of standards which conveys as it contains according to the fail/safe standards of practical succulence for all. This makes creativity an aesthetic/moral burden to the uninitiated artist. Whether an artist is on to something is held in check by over-consideration of whether what it is that one may suspect oneself to be on to is apt to win the favor of that nebulous figment one has come to identify as public approval and thereafter proceeds from idea to idea in a state that amounts to paranoia in the belief that it is somehow a valid indicator of artistic premise or doom. (The matchbook aptitude test of creative ability comes to mind at this point.) So, we proceed to create, and attempt to create, and attempt to proceed to create, and so keep our different-colored marbles in a special pouch which no one else has or is entitled to peek into. We are special. We are artists. We are separate from the drones of industry and only similar insofar as we have not yet made artistic history. They are

vulgar. To them we are assholes because the game we entertain of the illusion of their intrusion is not based on verifiable information, which makes it not information but an impression of reality. The unsolicited artist/short-order cook is a pantheistic blaze of subliminal glory bound for the dilemma of what should come first, blood or neon? What happens in the end to this type of person? We are all humbled by grander manifestations and ultimately loosen our grip on ambition through the awareness that the products we produce, and over which we tend to feel enthused, are producible in our stride, provided that we've done our homework throughout our youthful apprenticeship.

The true test of a genuine artist is how he treats earnest criticism. If he takes it as a literal hypothetical modification of an idea that happens to have issued from his own brain, then he is authentic, mature. But if he becomes self-defensive and accusatory, it is probably without good reason. The formula for the correct approach to any skill, both during and after the apprenticeship, is to produce one's own products representative of that skill to the proper forum for a critique of its qualifications as well as its disqualifications. Such commentary should be directed at the artist himself, and he must become accustomed to the two-fold mentality required for the mastery of that forum, namely, 1) intelligent consideration of the commentary of one's peers, which must be considered deferentially as they have considered the humanity of the object of their criticism, and 2) adult-like poise no matter what the

weather; good or bad commentary, one must remain respectful and adroit in demeanor throughout the critique. The critique represents posterity under controlled conditions. So, the real artist is one who aspires after historical inclusion and realizes that what he must do to get there is in part formulaic. First, there must be private diligence whose results must be willfully offered to criticism. Next, there is the formal critique, wherein the artist's abilities are fared against posterity (the recorded history of one's skill) in such a manner that this context is incorporable into the process of creation with ends toward betterment. Finally, the artist himself must represent his work to posterity as a personal spokesman of it, the most capable spokesman

Yet there is always the objection that one's artistic flights of fancy are illegitimately grounded during the course of criticism unless the critics at hand are somehow omnisciently attuned to the aesthetic intentions in question. One present in a forum of certain implications in itself implies the validity of his intentions by virtue of his presence there. As there is a certain mastery of decorum in all public acts dubbed "virtuous", or "socially acceptable", there attends the cynical contention that these are mere sleight-of-hand. Mastery is a private matter of psychology in conjunction with eptitude, therefore mastery of a public-oriented act betrays vanity which requires a bit of hyperbole about oneself among others.

The best sort of mind, the strongest and healthiest mind is that which has found the way to claim itself a vortex of

human experience, specifically in the holistic sense. This is the writer's mode of life. The writer does not play the emotional game of whether he saw such and such a film, read such and such a book, and, ultimately, whether he has seen the globe from the bough of a merchant ship. A writer is a living source of still life, a taxidermist of possible or imaginable experience, because the word arrests the corresponding experience into idea or thought no less than paint and tonality and ingredients and fabric and fragrance limit sensuality to their individual modes of perceptual experience during the course of the totality of all alternative experiences.

The general run of humanity seems to limit its experience to its assumption regarding success as it registers along the total social continuum. The despairing multitude who rampage at the suggestion of pragmatic recourse fail to see the illogic of their carnal disposition. They, for the most part, maintain a definite fear of ghosts and the supernatural, yet fail to recognize the fact that they possess the real capacity to choose spiritual interests as an actual recourse.

This is probably due to an' intuitional sense that the spiritual is unknowable, unfathomable, and hence likely either to consume the intellect or render it something beyond recognition according to the parameters of consumer redundancy. Hence, they become entities along a continuum of social economy with religion to daub their sweaty brow with its pure cloth corne Sunday at long last.

However, the moment we cease to feel compelled to move with

the societal tides or sense that we are somehow exempt from its undulations instead of being a grain of sand along the ever-eroding shore, we claim a position there that is perhaps not so prone to the surf's commands. We think separately, we all each must. This is the source of our woes because we naturally recognize our role in thinking and believing and yet so few have taken the civil leap beyond that otherly awareness, so most of us live in a state of sorcery toward life and caste absurd spells of attitude upon the subject of our personal disshevelment. What really occurs under these circumstances is that we are burning ourselves up internally and bogusly elevating ourselves in the privacy of our homes, and hence we run the risk of becoming legends in our own minds.

People would tend to blend into passivity if they would raise their intellects above their corpses and all touch swords in an all-for-one objective. But "objective" is even too strong a word for what one would like to see transpire, which is not a future state of development as projected by the communists through five-year planning, but rather the present subterranean of innate knowledge of virtue arisen and merrily danced upon by one and all. The obstacles to this eventuality are the derelict natures among us who are capable of maintaining adverse ambitions toward their fellows under the influence of an overriding illusion of self gain. One thinks this and then reflects on the turmoil likely to attend the introduction of legislation to that end, penned by the idealist himself. Quote the rabble, "That's your opinion. We have opinions, too. What about us?"

Suppose we don't want to hear the drivelings of a pompous phoney like you?"

But, what would such legislation look like? "Faith" is the only reply here. Faith is also a subject which has made the pulpit famous. Surely there is a genus of human origin from which faith issues as a natural aura. There's the notion aimed at by the 19th century Transcendentalists whereby one finds oneself a perambulatory disciple of pines swaying in the breeze. There's the notion yearned for by members of labor unions and the maternal ambience about a child contentedly at play in his sand box. Consider these sylvan images against the wall of dread comprised of a notion of a wholly negative totality: Hell, or the complete diametric undoing of Creation. How does one arrive at such a profound fear? The overwhelming sense of guilt that overcomes a mind reared in virtue then strayed off into total Epicurean abandonment later in life to the extent that all the mysteries of immortality have been so effectively ventured that the natural direction of one's thoughts is back toward virtue--for every action there is an equal to opposite reaction. Ultimately, we are qualitatively only capable of either what is good and bad for us, and these bear certain biological limits to varying degrees, depending on individual orientation or experiential appetite. Some of us are inclined somehow toward sexual prostitution, others murder, others armed robbery, and yet others the priesthood and other socially accepted vocations and professions. But what all these groups of individuals share in common is their motivation by some emotional drive derived

from some aspect of the notion of "the good". However, "the good" should first be translated to "pertinence" or "significance", notions inherent in assumptions based on faith. In God, in money, in man. etc. This sense of pertinence or significance is determined by whether what one does tends to promote his natural and self-accepted tendencies.

Cemeteries reflect the lives of their occupants. Military people are buried among a horizontal population of soldiers, sailors, etc. Middle class and wealthy civilians likewise are tucked away according to their *living* convictions. And those having had no convictions at all are anonymously laid to rest in some Potter's Field. And if anyone's life meant anything to anyone else's in the eyes of whomever, then let that party rise up through the peat and root hairs and step up to the Podium of Man and tell us all just how it is, by virtue of what aspect of his *living*, he arrived at the alleged fact of anyone else's relative insignificance. Ah, there's a man in the rear waving his maggot-dripping limbs in quest of recognition.

"Yes, Sir, what is it?"

"Well, Mr. Author, I know that it is impossible for any
01' soul to resurrect itself, but •••."

"That's all you need to know, dear cadaver."

"But, what about all those Hollywood stars who knew only
glitter and never had to contend with frightened people trembling
alone in death's decrepit door in woolen cap crocheted with
one's own gnarled fingers chaffed by the frigid winds that whip
across the plains of Yahweh under the onus of night sky, prelude
to a curt novena delivered by a priest of downright dubious
motive? Would not such a soul, transfixed under intensity of
man-made light called "neon" and content to exist thus forever,
wouldn't this soul be more than likely entitled to a higher
place along felicity's obscure totem? Don't peasants deserve
the dark esteem we receive, and shouldn't we be left to suffer
our myriad tooth decay and starvation, or is someone actually
about to step forward and defend us? I mean, how does a peasant
like myself come to be represented in a forum of a magnitude
such as this one before us? I just can't see how even the
opportunity for such an outcome can come about, let alone find
itself availed upon. Life, I guess, is by nature biased against
us."

Oh, Ye of so little faith!

Stan looked down at his podium and a tear ran down his cheek,
and then he recalled his dream of the Black Knight.

Stan revved his chopped down Harley-Davidson and circled
the horseshoe of a suburban cut de sac several times in order

to psyche himself up for the task about to be undertaken. It was night, probably summer, out in the street in front of his aunt's house on the north shore of Long Island. Her home was a low ranch style structure in real life, but by twist of the dreaming mind's wondrous poetic adaptability, this version had an additional floor full of windows and furnished with gymnasium bleachers on which sat all of his elder relatives in spectators hip of the event about to take place involving their nephew or grandson, whichever the case. This much established in his dreaming brain, Stan proceeded to witness the screenplay of his own karma unravel before his eyes once again.

Motivated in life by a fear of the loss of whatever property we may possess; a fear that has become second nature to the members of our class system. The class system is the state of affairs in which a people have become factionalized against one another.

In America the basis of factionalization is the bi-partisan system which expresses contrary or contradictory interests in the wealth of the motherland. The one faction, Republican, is in theory of the government in its essence, which in a capitalistic system translates "capital" and any of the vital institutions thereof. The other faction, Democratic, is in theory of the government in its essence, which in any government translates "people" and any institution premised on the advancement thereof.

The desire to participate in the bi-partisan system and not boycott or protest in the form of non-participation or rebellion is due to either a belief in an ideal based on one's sense of identity with one of the two political parties, or a belief in an idea based on one's sense of identity with one of the two parties. As already stated, ideas cause sweat to run from an engineer's brow, while ideals caused Homer's quill to move. This is to say that ideals are more akin to spiritual fulfillment than the satisfaction of need. So, the individual, say myself as the occupant of my own little room, who needs the basic items of material life to materialize--a house and a career--would be idealistic in voting Republican, and thinking concretely in voting Democrat. Why? Because historically more has been

done legislatively for people out of concern for our well-being by the Democratic party than by the Republican party, whose only real concern legislatively is whether their decisions disgruntle the producers and strategists of capital, namely industry. The Democrats know that our government will proceed as long as there are people to provide the energies required to produce capital goods and pay for them with the money they earn producing them. The Republicans fear that the system will not be running at maximum efficiency unless the capital situation is monitored and modified according to various standards of wealth based on certain projections of upward possibility. The Democrats feel threatened by this pure concern for the abstract --i.e. capital itself--at the expense of the welfare of the people, and through this fear derive cohesion identified and maintained through party membership. In so doing they are recognized by the opposing party as a threat to their interests, and in turn the Republicans become more concerned about membership among their ranks as well as any legislation that serves their interests; and so goes the life of American government.

The desire not to participate is a manifestation of ignorance and apathy for the over-all picture of society and certainly of history altogether. This sort of attitude could be spawned by anything from unemployment to discontent with one's economic status, or a broody moralism which condemns anyone who smiles and wears a suit simultaneously. It could also be a gaping symptom of oblivion, no more a type of rural blight than urban.

The desire to rebel as manifested through terrorism or voting communist is determined by one's intellectual disposition as determined by one's exposure to the world through family and personal experiences in the areas of life the utmost crucial to human happiness; labor, religion and politics. One's actual philosophy is generically identical to that of one's essential- most influences and their associations.

Beyond the political aspect of existence is the ever-present question of spirit, which but few of America's card-carrying pragmatists are wont to mock in the spirit of sportsmanship. Without faith, though, we are purely receptacles of sense data and as mundane as the data in and of itself. And so for the entire cosmos, from the purely perceptual vantage point. Spirit must enter in order for life to be a love affair. Emotions enrich sheer experience into beauty and its contrasts, many contrasts. Somehow there's more to us than we need simply to get where we're going. But spirit is my true saving grace in life(acknowledgement and respect thereof, which somehow bears inherent rewards physically and intellectually, and inevitably spiritually again, in the form of heightened spiritual presence). Health enhancement as a major claim to happiness is a fallacy. There are specifically negative stimuli. In my case these are, in the organic sphere, unattended fatigue (performance of duties despite lack of proper rest) and disagreeable labor; in the synthetic sphere, any drug item from caffeine and nicotine to alcohol and narcotics. Spirit is one's longevity as manifest in some cosmic stuff discernible only through intellection toward

the ideal. This direction is directionless and the longevity so evidenced is timeless, though it once became recognizable through a certain expiration of energy in that atmosphere removed from a perception called time. Hence the obvious mystique of music. It is perceived though its essential attribute, motion, inheres in a realm beyond perception ...time. So, in a true sense music embodies contradictory realms, but in such a way that they are both free to be as separate entities simultaneously. Lovers experience the same peculiar bi-modality when together. They love, strictly through the removed atmosphere called time, while they touch and so perceive one another simultaneously.

It appears that all the most moving experiences of man bear this bi-modal quality. The criterion for this seems to be whether the object in question involves motion in some respect: God or spirit, nature's progression or becoming; music, the movement of sound through rhythm; love, the motion of one's emotions toward another. Thus, to say that an experience is moving is not to be metaphorical.

The popularity of some possible experiences seems to reflect the ready discernibility of underlying motion: music, sexuality, a walk through a gardenSubjects like philosophy and geology are less popular as are all the more theoretical pursuits, where immediate gratification is by no means feasible and the ready sensation of motion is veritably non-existent. So the breakdown of the Arts and Sciences as areas of popular demand are actually indicators of taste in the undergraduate, post-adolescent mind; minds motivated more by impulse than reason because life before

the choice to think was exercised was an affair solely of the body and its transitory gratifications. One cannot turn into a thinker at will, or by will alone. The age-old becoming process must evidence itself and consume time and life according to the particular context in which one becomes self-aware. The epicure must make an entire modal shift in order to become theoretically disposed. The satiety of sex and indulgence in the body's cravings keep thought simply a tool for the accomplishment of these several id-bound desiderata. There are more epicures than thinkers because it is by far the easiest application of the human organism to life, unless conceptual intelligence is inherent, in which case a tremor of repulsion is apt to attend any given instance of inordinate physical indulgence. This is so because the thinker is of a contrary mode of experience, even though he may not have been nurtured properly in his better capacities due to a poverty of capability to discern and so nurture innate talents during the course of his rearing. Yet, because "money makes the world go round", as do the people and things money can buy, the lone thinker is like a peg in a desert of so much impertinence. His quest is communication in the service of the far-off goal of moral, intellectual and philosophical development, and so what he is to an epicure--whose nature is to pursue immediate gratification--is one who appears to persist in thinking about a state of affairs that is non-existent, which makes this variety of thinker "eccentric". Eccentricity is hereby defined by connotation as a lifestyle that is self-conceived in the

abstract, intangible end of human archotyping, a metaphysical governing entity whose make-up is not subject to alteration by social government in any form from conventionalism to a constitutional document enforced in police-state modes of social reality. But life is in constant motion as a process perpetuated by countless derivations of global momentum past-present-future, an enterprise so complex that ultimately we relinquish our empirical quest for an explanation and call the whole thing "God". Of course, to us, none of this motion was ever uniform in quality. There were barbaric nations while civilized ones thrived, and this is still the case and perhaps always shall be. There were more and less civilized nations co-existing under threat of becoming barbaric with one another, which is still the case. The dream of peace on earth involves the desire for this state of reality to end before human reality itself does through nuclear conflagration and pollution as a manifestation of disregard for life, and the future is as close as the period at the end of this sentence. There are prophets, false prophets, zealots, hypocrites, lovers, killers...; all minds after a given archetype. So who is to say which is right but the individuals who are given to the calling of making such considerations. And then, which among them is right, not to mention the question of thoroughness: are we getting all we can out of human energy as thought or projectable ideas best suited for humanity? Given the present order of things it seems that higher evolution would not be at our disposal until the logistics of their attending technologies have arrived at agreement with popular volition.

This is a mere ideal, really, from the standpoint of free enterprise whose entrepreneurial make-up involves an inconsistency of enterprise according to the vast differentiation of tastes among the entrepreneurs themselves, all of whom being capital-oriented (a Republican attribute) and so in the service of man as a matter of coincidence ("Acme such and such lasts longer")_This fact, competition, is the aspect of capitalism called a virtue by capitalists within earshot of the public because it results in either the heightened quality of goods or the collapse of the firm. Undoubtedly this is true, but what of the morality at work here? The firm is ready to serve the public only insofar as that public will refuse to contribute to the firm's capital base through retail purchases made. Also, though the public can still be unhappy about its standard of living and the prospect for change under various political incumbencies, the firm, by law, is somehow just another person

Chapter V. Bang, Television. (Notebook #27)

Birth is individuation of mind, body and soul, and any notion to the contrary is purely illusory. The tendency to think "-esquely" (to view the world through the eyes of a vantage other than one's own) reduces one to the lesser status of disciple and thereby one forgoes his own capacity to see the world in order to stare fixedly at the accomplishments of another. What would the world be like if we were all to stop being influenced by others directly and thereby ceased thinking with any brand of homogeneity between us so that, intellectually as well physically, we were all totally unique in our emotional responses and were brave in our appreciation of this pan-human separateness and were to celebrate our lives because they represented life in and of itself and were pursued and enjoyed simply as such, just as thinkers revel in their conscious ability to think just because they can and do so without the psychological goals implied in cultural standardization and its inherent stigmatization of the ego through competition, which mandates the incorporation of frustration and anger toward others as though they were mere obstructive artifacts en route to one's personal achievement of the mythological state of worthiness among men.

This portrait of man free from the crippling effects of market pressure, life as agile self-sufficiency unimpeded by anything imaginable requires the rendering of all the rampant elements of present psychological friction as one-time nemesis or unpleasant historical phase, the arrival at transcendence. This example was set by early American patriots who treated the

problem of British domination as a situation which they deemed necessary to end in order for America to proceed as a nation of free men, and the example they set for themselves through the accomplishment of this goal revealed to the next generation the hypocrisy of pronouncing this belief to the world while maintaining terms of racial proviso, namely that we are all equal provided that we are all white. The inherent absurdity of this state of affairs rang loud in the hearts of the truly nationally minded few. In the case of early America, in theory, to be nationally minded was to advocate a polity that insured the complete actualization of the individual. If our Bill of Rights were the product of a man of less zeal for human actualization than, supposedly, Thomas Jefferson, and the net moral acumen and vision of those instrumental in the ratification process were less than it was, we would as a matter of course be less endowed as a polity and perhaps doomed to the destiny of a short-sighted and lived plan. But Providence saw fit to bless our continent with a great founding vision, one so great that the act of ratification has embarked humanity on a course so rich and so vast in scope that any casualties that have been and continue to suffered through the imprecise execution of our Constitution will be rectified immeasurably among all with vision enough to see that life without liberty is natural bondage.

The foregoing is not to praise any and all legislators whose own glorious quests might have resulted in certain inglorious results. What I maintain is that whatever might have been

suffered, however astronomical to the individuals concerned, the over-riding fact of our freedom to do better will continue to serve humanity for the better for as long as our freedom remains a fact. The angry radical who critiques society toward the end of its demise is irrational because he does not recognize the freedom he enjoys in so expressing himself, and that with the destruction of that order so goes his freedom to choose to so speak. But the angry or anti-social person is perennially hateful, so goodness is outside his or her scope of appreciation. Every anti-social person is a would-be tyrant, and so his desire to destroy is a manifestation of his dread that his entire disposition is doomed to dysfunction, failing to see that his malice is a mere disposition of thought, and so, prone to betterment, if he so chooses. But freedom of choice is a condition that only a mind appreciative of variety can enjoy. The tyrannical mind set of "my way or no way" lacks the breadth of intellect needed to live and let live at the same time, secretly reasoning that quantity yields shallowness through the dilution of thought as applied to many things; jack of all trades, as opposed to thought focused and developed around only one or few. Applied to the individual, this is certainly a valid course to follow in order to arrive at success at a given craft. However, in society there are naturally many contrasting professional temperaments, so obviously the spectrum of choice cannot be rationally enjoyed in total by any individual, including any tyrant.

The social tyrant is pathological in his pursuit of his

choices and is of such powerful emotional bias that he fails to see the social ethos inherent to democracy and so fails to treat his fellows as such because he believes that there is no one worthy of his fellowship. Thus, he maintains a demeanor of absolute authority when among people, which he expresses through a vehement disinterest if not total disgust toward the expressed concerns of others.

If the nucleus of our personalities is formed by the nuclear family, then it can be inferred that the despotic ones among us are somehow the products of an upbringing that tended to encourage and so bring about their despotic natures. What, then are the familial ingredients to such a concoction? Lassitude or complacency in the face of the child's will expressed along a spectrum of means ranging from pout to tantrum. But, then, how does a child learn the effectiveness of this behavior as it translates into a strategy of cause/effect aimed at the satisfaction of a given desire? And what could motivate a child to conceive of these ends, or is it merely a matter of instinct developed into the habit of manipulation as the mind grows and comes to appreciate a certain beauty in causing bigger people to do things with the added attraction of being personally served consequently? Are all children such glutinous puppeteers, or are some others meek in this regard, more mysterious? The problem of the origin of disposition, when the disposition is a problem, is one that grows from child psychology to criminology and is probably rooted in the failure of the hasty mind to appreciate that the apparent unpleasantness known as "moral obligation" is

co-extensive with the self-justified state of existence known as love. An example of this hastiness in adult life is the choice to go out and "get laid" over staying home and delving into one's own private vastness. The hasty mind fails to see that the moral compass shall always point to a direct involvement with life on the most personal scale and unhesitatingly skim past the direction of the jungle of assumptions about the world implicitly defined as a marketplace. What the hasty mind misnomers "need" is the object of some personal impulse, and the consequence of such expedition invariably results in trauma, namely because there can be no fulfillment when one imagines life fulfilling and attempts to impersonate this nebulum, and in so doing neglects his faculties of self-actualization. Artists are the most fortunate of men when they fully appreciate their own self-sufficiency and the emotional freedom that results from having a mind that needn't look beyond itself in order to become fulfilled. The glory, or beauty, of works of art is not the end for the true artist, but rather the creative process itself, as Aquinas discerned, which is most appreciated by those who are of and for art, and other rare thinkers who know that their joy in life is the experience of doing the special sort of work that results in the products which the world experiences and uses as an object of reference to identify the special agents responsible--artist, author. etc. At the same time the artist undergoes the fate of treason when he dismisses his own very special nature in order to serve a popular illusion of expediency which tends to undermine the value of art as an entity; and

if we ignore effect, can we possibly assign merit to its cause?

Thus the artist given to doubt as to his self worth is not an artist and yet not not an artist, and so has arrived at a state of despair which his imagination tends to amplify by its very nature, an attribute which the artist will maintain till death, and even then who can say? The artist must realize that if he disclaims his status he only does so as a matter of creative reflection on himself despite whatever else he may believe at the moment of such negative utterance. contemplating the psychology of art, one comes to accept that art is not a limitation and, furthermore, that Plato's Grecian formula for the perfect state, The Republic, is tantamount to covering Adonis with armor, from the vantage point of creativity.

The test of whether my sense of art is manifestly democratic is whether I would still tend to skim through translations of Tolstoi, Proust, et al., with the rascallion attitude that they are demented old farts and that just by virtue of my interest in the fact that these men produced such works I am entitled to an indeterminate sum of valid points toward the credibility of my scholarship, and proceed as though there were a gullible thesis review board observing me from heaven. From the serious novels that I've read, I've come away, back into myself, with the realization that nothing from my life, at the time of my reading these books, seemed to be so significant to me that I could ever truly care to immortalize it with polished phrase and progressive imagery. In fact, I didn't feel that I possessed the depth of character nor the motivation to both want and know

how to illuminate the caverns of deeper significance indigenous to literature. I attribute much of the responsibility for this confusion to the profusion of T.V. signals ingested, not to say digested, during much of my youth, as well as the format of programming with commercial interruption, which could also be responsible for my history of general restlessness among society and despair over inactivity, which tends to erupt when I sit in contemplation of life, which never seems to become resolved to the point of perfection I once thought possible. Now I realize perhaps why there is a foreboding sense of dread on my part under Huxley-esque sterile sociological scrutiny of the souls of both me and my uncle Dominic, both of us called crazy at one time or another by a civilized onlooker. When a man can be as calm as summer daylight, he is fascinating. When a woman senses that a man possesses this quality to such a degree that he can withstand the stress of her sexual scrutiny, she enters the man, kicks off her shoes and places her heart on the mantle beside his.

Which brings us back to T.V. I could never help but associate myself with Hermann Hess's Harry Haller whenever I found myself to be over-industrious. I could kick myself in the ass 1,000 times when I recall my fear of displeasing those droves of T.V. watchers whose population I assumed contained many potentially compatible women from whom I might choose. It was my confounded understanding that if I lost my taste for T.V. past-time, I would in essence be broken from communication with the ties of mainstream civilization and thereby doomed to either lurk among Karma bums or join a terminally boring think tank of radical egg heads.

Where am I with certain literary and intellectual ends? So yet not entirely passive about data nor aggressive to the point of "genius". I've always been fascinated by the sufficiency in life of the changeability of the lenses through which we project our emotions, the phenomenon evident in situations of confrontation and forgiveness conveyed by people to one another through choice of word and inflection, but mostly inflection. My fascination derives not as much from the phenomenon as the over-riding fact that the primeval capacity for forgetfulness still present in the human skull tends to favor hostility and incite us to tear down the scaffoldings of civilization in cold-blooded, insensate homage to the reptile Tyranasaurus Rex, as though Rex himself beckoned such response to us from the inner dimension of his present nuclear half life. Of course, many other aspects of our human nature fascinate me, like the fact that the phenomenon just mentioned is subject to many interpretations.

For instance, the guilt device used by innocent family in a sometimes desperate attempt to keep theirs from fleeing into the vast mythological skies of nevermore--Make up![A long, drawn tear].

Development, however, is timelessly mystifying. It is amazing how each thing that exists represents a process that conforms to the ancient formula of beginning-middle-end or idea-construction-completion.

One of the most dismaying facts of life is the ability of the slothful to recognize the beauty of a certain skill they maintain to a limited degree and even sing the praises of such an ability when it is undeniably evident, and yet maintain a fixed attitude against their own development.

I am also fascinated by the inherence of justice in one's very marrow and the evidence of one's deepest conviction about life become evident in one's face as one enters the final hand of his life. [This is truly an instance of Nausea: the idea of preordination as the consequence of one's natural self despite freedom of choice.] Justice is simply the final results of one's own judgements in life weighed against one another, good vs evil, measured according to which way the scale is tipped. Another perspective on this definition: One's fate is one's share of justice as the mean of good vs evil acts and intentions, or, justice is the consequence of biography.

A Clarification of the Human Relationship (and Why None Can Be Perfect)

But the initial thesis must not be undermined or diluted in its import. Despite what we may think is our dark association, we are always indeterminably separate from one another as well as everything else (e.g. including darkness itself.) If we feel tormented by certain thoughts that seem to link us to a certain dark essence or population thereof, it is merely our own mind reflecting our subconscious awareness of the imperative of our discreteness and our ratio-neurological response to the absurd dread over the merest hypothesis of loss of identity through the impossible eventuation into what amounts to a notion of a localized plurality of humanity derived from an association

of superficial attributes by way of implication misnomered "class" through some chosen term, though none-the-less grouped for convenience of spatio-temporal reference. This is the only application of human class, to pick out how many Republicans, Democrats, Chinese, Rolls Royce owners, Blue Chip stock holders and so on in order to establish certain demographic parameters in order to extrapolate reason toward certain ends as numerous as all possible human criteria. This use of language, like all things human, can be used for good or evil purposes--e,g, we can locate the sick and homeless in order to help them, or we can locate enemies and undesireables in order to punish them, or we can merely identify those whom we wish to persecute.

With communication came the means to organize. Henceforh, society and its bureaucratic art of demography, the chronicle

of human location in time and space according to specified qualitative criteria attributable to members of humanity. These criteria are geo-human predicates in that although those named are personally unknown to the namer (demographer), by random satisfaction of the criteria within a given delimited area of residence or specified activity, an individual is thereby described, or so goes the allegation. This is our tendency at every level of life. It is not only via this sophisticated science of bureaucratic organization. When we choose to go see a friend, we go to where we have come to know where he is located, because during the course of our personal navigation among people we maintain an inherent set of needs as well as the sympathetic need to satisfy the needs of another, which we are naturally capable of accomplishing since we cannot rationally conceive beyond our own capacities. We naturally also want to know the source of this goodness so we exchange phone numbers and addresses somewhere along the way. The friends we maintain in life are those with whom we can mutually satisfy needs and do so only for the reward of feeling through sympathy the benefit derived from the association. A friendship will last for as long as the association remains mutually beneficial in some mysterious, apparently vital, way--a fear-based matter of life and death. As one's need for the other lessens--through marriage or other shift in lifestyle or values--so does the frequency of their interaction on purely logical grounds, which the shorted friend (the one whose level of need for the other has remained basically unchanged from the outset of the

relationship) is left feeling slighted and perhaps resentful. He must replace that friend, which he naturally knows cannot be done as the subconscious mind is constantly aware of the separateness and uniqueness among all people.

I once had a nightmare whose theme was the war between theological school of essentialism versus that of anti-essentialism, wherein I entered my kitchen and could not identify any of my utensils by name and, so, stood confused and gaped helplessly upon the scene wishing for a miraculous moment to dawn and reassure me in my predicament. The dream ended leaving me with the undeniable sense that, for better or for worse, I had indeed become a true student of philosophy. Faithful people understand the power of volition in realizing the objects of our deeper preoccupations and so warn the naive accordingly, to the effect that one had better feel certain about what he is praying for, consciously or not, because God will grant it in His Own Way and Time. This may seem contradictory behavior for an All-Loving God, but then, how many of the faithful are good logicians? So, since my anti-essentialist nightmare I tend not to want to exercise my theoretical faculties too far for fear that nothing I name thereafter will bear the orthodox significance, and hence I will find myself interminably ostracized by society. My flitting fears are as a speeding lense shutter between myself and my faith in my ability, and as a result my sense of need to carry out certain goals is diminished. I reason fearfully If my capacity is only such and such, I was probably only meant to

do such and such A, not such and such B. This is to experience life from a state of disappointment. But I realize that my personal demographics were amiss. My original quest was for musical fame. The analytical mind reasons this plan as follows. Those of skill level X as evidenced by the composition of so many songs with Y level popularity are entitled to results Z, which entitles one to choose to provide oneself with any amount of effects and property of level A. The question for me was did I have X such that Y yields Z? I do know enough to be able to peck out tunes on piano and note it. But am I an XYZ? Don't ask me!

Yet criteria can be boring. Political criteria are horrifying to sympathize with from either standpoint (giving or receiving) once the transcendental winds have taken one aloft and freed one from the terrestrial imprisonment called the state--which is really a mental state in that people can govern themselves in mid-air if such circumstances were indeed negotiable. Transcend the grip of what Sartre called "bad faith" as demonstrated by the role which the waiter in the restaurant must play because he believes that this state is somehow proper to his existence, through some twist of fate. When a person becomes a free entity of sentience he avoids socially tailored incumbency and seeks means of sustenance down the path of least resistance to his higher nature, like the functionary office position in Dostoyevsky's "Notes from the Underground". But to lead such an unrequited drone life hardly seems human to us, let alone supremely human, yet this is the paradox of

transcendence. Once the order of artificial desires and needs is itemized and rejected on grounds of moral unsoundness, we are no longer motivated to soar above men for the purpose of callously gaining their attention at the cost of the resulting neglect of their own character. America is an anthropological wave of wayward thespians playing Bogart, or whoever, according to the character influences we mimic out of a sense of need based on a set of assumptions we maintain about expectations directed at us by the world around us. So, America is also a nation of paranoiacs seeking validation of what they randomly assume is their role among themselves; however, if they realized that they were Americans in flesh among themselves they would not be troubled as to how to act toward one another. The shadows contrived by Plato found their way to North America sometime after World War II and they dance more wildly than ever because public delusion is at an all-time high. This is so because there is very little room for personal intrigue now that it has become evident that the North American continent has become an enormous industrial park and we are either fully employed therein or mere loiterers. And for those out there who are among the so-called fully employed, or aspire to be, who feel that they are members of a "winning team", a network of superstars, for you I have a suggestion: Throw off the power switch for a while and just listen to the wind.

A good barometer as to whether our economy is thriving is whether the back seat of the family car is spattered with the stains of reproductive ooze, which at one time would have been cause for concern among the fathers of American girls--once upon a time. This remark remains a slap in the face to anyone who considers himself an upholder of the traditional set of Protestant-esque mores underlying America's story of alleged success at name-calling on the national scale: "So and so's daughter is a little slut!1. But how can name-calling be so undesirable to civilized people? Civilized people constantly declare war on one another and vote down legislation intended to serve the many. Why reject verbal assault and then condone if not praise vehemence on the broadest public scale, which really amounts to the social ramification of a personal vendetta against certain of those whose implicit trust in leadership is responsible for the so-called leader's job? But, no. We are instructed as children, and expected to act indefinitely, to the effect that one does not say venomous things about one's "fellows", which is suggestive of the possibility that our culture is an Eden, and all of us are saints at heart, and therefore are mutually undeserving of anyone's condemnation, let alone one another's. This may be true of children not biased after their parents' image of righteousness whose objective faculty, that which enables the mind to realize that all men of like aptitude are created equal, has not been conditioned to a course of egocentric ruthlessness. This is the

bane of which those who feel inspired to expand their minds seek to be relieved. The key to this mental unscrambling toward a higher order of consciousness, or perhaps unconsciousness, is to first appreciate the analogous situation of one who walks in circles dreaming of a destination that requires travel beyond the boundaries of one's present circuitous map. The first step toward breaking out of one's limited state of mind is to consider the world in the extremist terms, or both ends of the emotional spectrum: love or hate--do I feel more often compelled to create and preserve or to destroy or deface the reality within my scope of possible aggression? This comes down to the very simple act of reflecting on the word "aggression". What do we feel toward the world, what imagery comes to mind when we reflect on this word--what are its behavioral affiliates and what social scenario elicits this response? "The world," as we reflect, is a memory of our experience of it after and during the fact of our psychological development. If we learn egocentrism as the means to virtue, our development will consist of an attempt to render random experience substance after our ambition, which the proudly ambitious, enterprising few who comprise our monied class encourage with the blind zeal of a major league athletic coach. The chauvanistic mentality is a totalitarian drain on the body's emotional faculties to the extent that love becomes a precious commodity extended only to those who encourage and support the monopathic designs on life maintained and preserved by the ambitious agents among us. An individual who organizes his human

attributes with such a deliberate sense of fatal economy is truly amenable only to those who happen to be attracted to him or her without threatening to frustrate, either directly by means of mutual aims on a set goal (competition), or indirectly through emotional demands (also competition but more personally motivated).

Our mutual embryonic state does not seem sufficient to establish our mutual respect as members of society. This has to do with the fact that family protects itself from others through the contention that the embryo is a seed of individuation and we are each the natural outcome, and that if family x rears according to Christianity and family y according to no such thing, perhaps more used car salesmen will be y's than x's. Yet this is a consequence of freedom of choice: because we cannot prove what causes any human fact, we will not allow ourselves to proceed on a hunch and systematically eradicate the alleged source of bad elements around us, those who seem overly callous or ignorant of the higher ideals formed by mankind over the ages. This same sort of barbarism is the source of disenchantment among ethically-minded leaders whose jurisdiction maintains capital punishment toward those convicted of homicide; which is to say that the civilized remedy for homicide is, ironically, the historically illustrated atrocity of genocide. This is a contradiction that leaders seem willing to support provided that doing so will result in their support by their constituency. Ideals may be inspiring but they are not personal achievements unless they happen to be popular. And when is the kind treatment

of a convicted killer not agreeable with the ideals of civilization? When the constituency is a consensus of chauvanists who believe that their ego is in some way superior to that of anyone who is callous enough to kill. The resentment over one of their kind being killed is vented through hate, which desires the death of the killer and, legislatively speaking, his social class. Legislation is not formulated for the service of any individual's needs, but rather legislation is intended to remedy a type of problem expressed by a consensus. So, legislation to ensure capital punishment is the systematic government process of venging the victim class against the predator class, completely overlooking the fact that a member of this "predator class" hails from the victim class until the time of his conviction, whereupon the individual is assigned to the legislatively condemned class of predator. Once convicted by a jury of his peers--twelve or so instances of human individuation in their own rite--the guilty is no longer entitled to speak purely objectively and soundly in his own behalf. Upon his conviction the former member of the victim class becomes a non-person to his former peers, who have determined to their satisfaction that this former person before them is now of that class which the jury identifies as the nemesis of its own alleged class.

So, despite the attempt to render society after its grandest ideals, the chauvanist elements will continue to object that vengeance is the only source of rectitude for the victims' survivors, and the basis of their contention is that out of

sympathy for the murdered party, the party or parties judged responsible should be rendered likewise through an implied arithmetic of fatality despite the categorical order in which individuation represents the cosmological falsification of any human equation, and therefore any attempt to that effect must by nature be borne out of a mentality wholly averse to enlightenment. The remedy to a destructive mind is not the destruction of that mind, for this is only an underscoring of misanthropy through yet another increment of demise.

Chapter VI. *The Inventory and Confession.*

Labor Day, 1980, was the last day of a two-year love/hate affair I somehow, and for some reason hopefully awaiting my arrival in the hereafter, managed to maintain with a female acquaintance of the rock and roll days of my youth. In fact, she was the onetime girlfriend of the guitarist in the band I was playing in. Anyway, she was on her way to Miami Beach the following day to resume her lush life with her quasi-sophisticate alcoholic parents and daughter from a previous marriage. Labor Day 1980 also marked my first day back in my old room since my departure for Princeton in the fall of 1976. Today is May 26, 1983, a day on which I began to reminisce about my better days, my collegiate days. In this perhaps unexpected letter I include an inventory whose purpose is to stress the importance of order in one's life, and to demonstrate that organization is the essence of civilized life, especially for its individual participants (e.g. dabblers are not at liberty to seriously participate in the Philharmonic Orchestra). Another purpose of such an undertaking, admittedly eccentric in the common eye, is that there is enough complexity of the mundane order to inspire the individual to investigate himself as "a life" in an aura of intrigue. I also hope to clearly and permanently define the organizational analog approach to my essential intellectuality, and thereby set into motion the first steps toward my personal identity and a truly happy acceptance thereof for the very first time in adulthood, a chronological phase in itself. Perhaps my initial loathing for Henry David

Thoreau was due to my lack of *maturity* about encountering and accepting such a close likeness to my very somber self. That he was a 19th century figure was certainly no reassurance to my 20th century youthful pride. Inventory is simply the iteration of existing artifacts within certain given limiting guidelines. A finite black and white affair. I shall persevere and record every last pencil and screw in my life at this point.

THE INVENTORY ITSELF

Item	Quantity	Description
swim trunks		gold w/ red & black stripes
shorts	2	blue, beige cotton
karate ghi	1	white cotton / white belt
long johns	2	wool & thermal
velour shirt	2	gold, black w/ zipper
trousers (old)	6	bl., blk, beige cord.,
jeans		cotton fatigues, 2 hats
	4	3 beanies--bl, wh, burg.,
		1 blk beret
sweat shirts	7	3 long sleeve, 4 short
sweat pants	1	long blk
underwear	8	6 white briefs, 2 boxer
	6	T shirts--5 plain, 1 souvenir Venice, ca
handkerchiefs	12	7 plain, 5 print

Item	Quantity	Description
socks	27	13 nylon--bl, blk, br, 11 thick blk, 3 sweat
scarfs	3	2 colorful, 1 beige
athletic supporter	1	wi cup
gloves	1	black leather
sweaters	25	4 turtles, 6 crew, 4 V, 5 wi collar, 3 vests, 1 button,1 open, 1 short sleeve
shirts	37	13 short slv sport, 13 long slv sport, 11 long slv dress
ties	10	assorted
suits	5	2 3-piece, 3 2-piece
blazers	7	assorted color:
trousers (casual)	5	bl, br, beige, tan--wool, reddish br
top coat	1	Dior--fatigue beige
coat	1	beige velvty strato Jac
jackets	7	4 cloth--1 wi hood, 2 windbreakers, 1 leather- burgundy
coat (chores, knock- about)	2	parka, gray wool
robes	2	bl terry, blk velour

wallet	1	blk leather
shoes (dress & work)	8	2 blk, 3 br, 1 half boot, bl suede, knee-high boots
sneakers	2	beige suede, bl suede
slippers	1	bl felt
books	338	philosophy, literature, history, dictionaries
records & tapes	200	100 LPs, 100 78s, 45s & cassettes
automobile	1	1967 Ford Mustang
drums	4	std traps w/ accessories & x-tra parts--no cases
miscellaneous	?	stationery, old bills, photographs, memorabilia, file box, college notes & periodicals
drum method books	13	elementary to advanced & notebooks
credit cards	8	dept. store, general, gas, airline
business articles	3	attache case, calling cards, calculator
electronics	4	alarm clock, broken movie projector w/ film, am/fm radio, stereo components
total items sans misc	779	

The task being complete, I am relieved, actually, to have

discovered that I am in fact in no danger of becoming completely neurotic about life's trivialities--a veritable miser. I did, however, suspect this as a possible destiny for myself as evidenced in my initial conviction to count "every last pencil and screw in my life". As it turned out, though, I did realize the absurdity of such an endeavor (not that I found it impossible, but that it seemed so eccentric that I could not reconcile my actually performing it with my self-impression). Aside from the numerical content of this information there is the profound historical/mystical implication inherent in the fact that in this inventory I naturally overlooked the abstract items of accumulation--love affairs, college curricula, money (my utter lack thereof never-the-less does not exempt it from possible consideration), poetic insights, philosophical development, etc., all along with the basically Thanatos hybrid that life with a widowed mother and her parents and the attending complications has been. The importance of clarity is clarified and the desirability of being one's true self also becomes more apparent. You are what you do, but only after time establishes that by virtue of consistent personal application and a majority percentage of your waking mortality consciously applied to a given task or craft you are more skilled, versed, at home, psychologically complacent with one subject or area of intellect than any other.

There is an initial implication derived from speculation as to what a mind represents. This implication is first considered on the public scale--for communication through the

media is inherently public, hence the inferential carry-over as a matter of natural choice (the public is a forum in which we attempt to perform, or appear to attempt to perform, and think at our moral, hedonistic best). That is to say, just because this writing is being read by another, there is some form of publicity afoot, and with this publicity comes the desire to understand which, depending on the reader's temperament, runs from servility to consternation. An insecure freshman might tend to cower at the printed word as it represents an intellectual achievement he believes himself to be doomed to fail at. A haughty PhD might dismiss an entire subject with the rise of a brow. But the issue of publicity and best behavior and, perhaps, gregarious spirituality aside, the point of this paragraph is that we as psychological entities are so many bearers of dirty laundry, and we interpret our world according to the net persuasive effect of our profoundest influences-- in many cases an affair that we prefer be kept anonymous. So, what a mind most represents can well be the will to homicide or homosexuality or suicide or any other tangential embellishment into darkness of mind, psychological facts that loom monstrous in public and are therefore kept secret and replaced, for purposes of a more praiseworthy publicity, by facts that might appear to advance society, in the public eye. So, Mr. Politician from New Hampshire will never disclose the fact that he has noticed a tendency for his penus to grow when his newspaper delivery boy knocks, no matter how large the erection nor how long it remains. However, during his speech at an old age

residence, rest assured that he will mention his firm advocacy of certain legislation that will advance the aged public sector, or at least appear to, as more than a mere lesser evil.

How to diminish within ourselves what is admittedly a bad quality is a problem which we must address patiently and treat in a stern and determined manner. Tomorrow will be that much better, etc. But we must realize that we will never be perfectly free from our most haunting attributes, just as there is never a perfectly performed violin concerto. This does not reflect incapacity, but rather the impossibility of arriving at a viable idea of what perfection is.

Ideal vs idea. Ideas are what cause sweat to run down an engineer's brow, whereas ideals are what caused Homer's quill to move. It is the nature of ideals never to be experienced. It is the test of an idea whether it can be. The apparent non-implementation of many alleged ideas is not at all that case that it appears to be. It is in fact an instance of ideal misconstrued with idea on the thinker's part. It should be added that such an error is symptomatic of misconception, which arises from a mind unappreciative of factuality but instead postulates its whimsical impressions of life in a certain respect to an immediate audience of dumb-hence-dumbstruck minds in an aura of supremacy, however quietly maintained and, especially, illusory.

THE INVENTORY (P.S.)

ITEM	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION,
toiletries	13	hair dryer, elec. razor, 3 colognes, toothbrush, razor, shave cream,etc.total (sans "misc.")
	792	

As I'm sure all students of accounting would agree, today's puppy is tomorrow's litter, and so goes intellection dependent on memory. (The foregoing saw is total fabrication.) I hope this addition will be the final entry to my list of material possessions. Drat!

THE
INVENTORY
(P.P.S.)

ITEM	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION
homosapien	1	5'8", 155 lbs, handsome, intelligent, Stan Pecadillo,
total items (sans "misc.")	793	

That should do it.

Back to the issue of misconception. The personality type that is wont to seek praise or acceptance for its bogus proclamations is, hopefully not surprisingly, known as charlatan. How do we identify a charlatan? We contrast his claims with his actions and, should they in fact contrast, we have a genuine charlatan. An example of this is to observe the neophyte songwriter/shipping clerk. He claims to his close friends that he is a potential musical colossus and offers them concrete evidence in the form of a few poems or lyrics he has composed. The friends read the smattering of lines and look and feel confused as they do not recognize anything they have ever seen before, and so they decide to vote in favor of their friend's claim: he is indeed very talented.

It is through fear of not being something grand that we so behave. We wish we could live on vast acres of tree-lined estate rather than in the humble apartment, and think, "Yes, there is something I can do to get me out of here," which is not a false statement. We each can excel at something and so become prosperous, and we are even visited by premonitions of ourselves living the good life and doing it well and eternally. But we lack the environment, perhaps, the slight jolt of encouragement required to set in motion wheels which cannot spin under their own resources. We lack faith. We lack faith because in our mental reference of life we do not approximate the image of success we maintain. We are common. They are uncommon. We drive Chevettes and eat tuna. They drive Dusenburgs and eat salmon. We don't

always talk right. They speak in a perfectly consistent manner that is perfectly consistent with the highest standards of perfect English speech. We smell a little. They do not smell at all, unquestionably. We are earthy and amusing in our "make do" travail. They are lofty and rather awesome, really, in their stone-solid neurology. This imagery we maintain is, in other words, the stuff of self-effacement.

This is no less a factor to youth than it is to adults, the only difference being that adults tend to be more prone to the negative idea that old dogs cannot be taught new tricks. There is perhaps more hope for youth, but only in the event that encouragement and faith play a part. We are always blowing out the exhaust of anxiety, an anxiety caused by the forces of contention during the course of life among life. Each instance of humanity is a postulation of thesis and each other instance of humanity is another thesis, an antithesis in some real way. The end result, however coincidental, is a dialectical process, which requires a certain amount of effort at each instance of occurrence. During the course of a day we encounter a plurality, perhaps a vast plurality, of this dialectical involvement, which leaves us, in every aspect of our organism, in a state of expiration, just as the marathoner must collapse at the end of his task. Completion of task is the prerequisite to rest, deserved rest. Rest taken that is not deserved is trumpery and so a squandering of life, and the intellect true to itself undergoes a spiritual jaundice and finds its state one of sullen discomfiture throughout its stay in undue leisure; which is

in fact not leisure but mental corpulence.

Now, this ethic of existential economy should not be misconstrued with political allegiance of any sort whatsoever. political servitude, or life under a metaphorical umbrella known as citizenship, is human energy harnessed by humans **in** the service of an ideal--e.g. democracy, socialism, communism, monarchy, fascism. The fact of democracy, whereby the energies of a people can be harnessed into a system of communication through which they can tell an elected representative what they believe is most essential to their lives and he can in turn reassure them. that he will convey and defend these beliefs and then do so in the form of legislative combat, is indeed, by contrast, the best system of organized life human beings can hope to attain. However, this is also a system that serves people in terms of their material needs, and these alone, but yet should none-the-less be seen as a sign of progress in human civilization, which is the organization of skills and beliefs into a system of convenience and pleasure. This system deserves to be preserved because it is worthwhile to the greater number of us as it works to afford us the time and freedom to consider and improve upon this very same system as it tends to impress itself upon us in the course of our experience in and of it, and also to elicit equal consideration to the method of evaluation whereby we judge the efficiency of this system with respect to its theoretical function of expediting the process and function of satisfying our needs. And our method of evaluation is ultimately a selfish device if we are primarily

motivated in life by a fear of the loss of whatever property we may possess; a fear that has become second nature to the members of our class system. The class system is the state of affairs in which a people have become factionalized against one another.

In America the basis of factionalization is the bi-partisan system which expresses contrary or contradictory interests in the wealth of the motherland. The one faction, Republican, is in theory of the government in its essence, which in a capitalistic system translates "capital" and any of the vital institutions thereof. The other faction, Democratic, is in theory of the government in its essence, which in any government

The desire to participate in the bi-partisan system and not boycott or protest in the form of non-participation or rebellion is due to either a belief in an ideal based on one's sense of identity with one of the two political parties, or a belief in an idea based on one's sense of identity with one of the two parties. As already stated, ideas cause sweat to run from an engineer's brow, while ideals caused Homer's quill to move. This is to say that ideals are more akin to spiritual fulfillment than the satisfaction of need. So, the individual, say myself

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This is a mere ideal, really, from the standpoint of free enterprise whose entrepreneurial make-up involves an inconsistency of enterprise according to the vast differentiation of tastes among the entrepreneurs themselves, all of whom being capital-oriented (a Republican attribute) and so in the service of man as a matter of coincidence ("Acme such and such lasts longer"). This fact, competition, is the aspect of capitalism called a virtue by capitalists within earshot of the public because it results in either the heightened quality of goods

or the collapse of the firm. Undoubtedly this is true, but what of the morality at work here? The firm is ready to serve the public only insofar as that public will refuse to contribute to the firm's capital base through retail purchases made. Also, though the public can still be unhappy about its standard of living and the prospect for change under various political incumbencies, the firm, by law, is somehow just another person yet not subject to the same laws as the ordinary person as we stand enviously by and witness them prosper all the more through such privileges as tax advantages, subsidies and the like. But this is not *Das Kapital* and I am not so deeply consumed by discrepancies in my experience as to wish to invest the greater part of me in socio-economic criticism. Besides, I am none-the-less human, thankfully, and so my assessment of prescribable archetype is no less of my perspective than which grocer to frequent.

Rolling a ball of wax down a wax slide will result in bits of wax lost as well as gained, yet none-the-less what we see

at the middle and end of the slide is no more or less identified as a ball of wax than when it was at the beginning. The same is true of humanity through time. We look at, say, Mozart and wonder why he met such a bad end, being so brilliant and all. But he was a victim of his attitude as composer and epicure among his contemporaries. He fed out into the world his disposition toward it, which was that of profound apathy, perhaps because he believed implicitly that his ideas were exclusive of his context--spiritually, a blasphemy, really, for what is subjective representation but the implicit tastes of one's contemporaries as premised on their probable reaction to such a rendering of their total ambience--i.e. nature and its role in contemporary thought? So, when a thinker excludes himself in self-conception from his world his aloneness and attending despair are penurial results inherent to such a process, and this process constitutes irony because ultimately it amounts to self-imposed pain undergone for the preservation of the privacy needed to produce "works". The experience first-hand is that of resistance to the gravitational tendency toward gregariousness, which in the over-all context amounts to vulgar or low-brow temperamentality. This resistance implies arrival at the high-brow state--and too many charlatans forsake the vernacular in order to maintain a mere wish for a loftier place. The despair of the charlatan is, therefore, greater than that of men of true genius, because they have chosen to exchange the ordinary for the hypothetical which if, however improbably, attained would indeed make one a lofty personage. Their success

is inherently their failure, whereas at least the genius can look at his life and state, "I exchange this for this." But, the point of this paragraph is that lose and gain as we might, with respect to truth as well as carnal vitality, we are still known to one another ~mankind and will continue to be until we no longer exist. I suppose there is a moral involved in this also: A bird in hand is worth more than any number in the bush and no bird anywhere cannot, short of madness, be worth a bird at all. Face reality, poor charlatan, and realize that to have erred was human and that you are no less human today than you were or will be, and that humanity, being gregarious in nature, was meant to be shared and not hoarded deviously in fallacious testament toward superiority, for whatever reason the heat of chauvinism arises. So, gather in interrogative attendance around your true depiction and re-become yourselves before the sun ceases to beam for your eyes.

There is an irony for every turn of experience. One irony which haunts me at each re-reading I give this silly paper is the fact that the greatest impedance to ascertainment of the point of a subject at hand is that the mind is capable of producing thoughts while it attempts to understand thoughts perceivably conveyed--the written word, language. This is probably no less true of visual art or any medium of any thought.

(The strange configuration of Guernica and one's shopping list comes to mind.) And this is no less true in the scenario of author or artist reviewing his work: I would not wager my life

that Picasso never thought of his trivial affairs while giving consideration to one of his masterworks. This is otherwise known as interruption, and there are really more vital manifestations of interruption to development. Consider the many possible interruptions to an individual's growth; e.g. the one-time generation gap and the impertinent tangents which it imposed on the individual children forced into contention. (By the way, this situation, barbaric parenting, is a good argument in favor of charlatanism as an aesthetic escape from the potential blight imposed on children by chauvinistic parents or guardians.) The Latin derivation of the word "interrupt" is interrumpere, to break in. [American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, 1976 Ed., paper.] Let's become allegorical about this. First, however, keep in mind that one's existence is evidence that one's family must have been doing something right throughout time, the gene factor as well as good behavior.

A bunny rabbit once called itself a hare. It heard of the grander life of hares and so had begun to look askance at his station of bunny rabbit. However, the patriarch of his village, having caught wind of the bunny rabbit's open condemnation of his kind, hopped over and demanded a meeting. The bunny rabbit refused, reasoning, "I have no substantial argument as of yet, but one will develop as my motives to transcendence become clearer--that is, when I finally come around to deciding why I want what I think I want I'll be able to ameliorate the patriarch." However, the patriarch became increasingly insistent that the bunny rabbit renounce haredom and return to his safe

and humble surroundings in both body and mind. But this only served to annoy the aspiring hare, and so his once affected reverence turned to all-out contempt for the patriarch, which is just the point: You cannot desire membership in any class if you do not recognize its system of leadership and so truly respect those who have attained leadership status therein. Now, this might seem to say that nothing established ought to be examined, but I assure you, being a long-time unemployed member of a leading nation and exiled denizen of my little room, I've had enough time to think this through, and I feel that those who have attained leadership and assert data of, by and for the people through a media of, by and for the people in a propagandist way in order not to portray the truths which might tend to rock the boat, are not worthy of respect by those of us who pursue intellect in earnest. The practice is to placate the many at the expense of the few. Perhaps I should not complain because I am aware of the difference between idea and ideal in the common mind and that there are those who have even cheered the Bill of Rights yet think it is a far-fetched notion, or worse, an ideal. Being part of the proverbial ball of wax I cannot help but maintain my vantage point, being an aspect inherently, as a matter of participation in a whole. (Anyway, back to the story.) The aspiring hare kept on aspiring, not because he really wanted to, though if asked he would have asserted himself quite fervently to that effect. No, the hare-to-be was aware that because he was aware he could be aware of anything capable of awareness, including the absurdity of

being told that he should only be aware of one thing--i.e. bunny rabbithood. So he persisted in his quest for haredom as a statement of his freedom in the face of oppression. And he lived to become a charlatan and frustrated over his substance as it only represented a notion of how life perhaps should be, a short-coming he shared with the many other bearers of popular sentiment who were only content with items that offered immediate gratification and so looked awry at the long-range, less tangible pursuits in life. This story of the aspiring hare is bound to end happily because of the great wisdom which cannot help but attend true awareness. A moral? How about: If you cut off your hare just because you are told to, all you'll amount to is just another dumb bunny.

The point of departing into allegory was that life is fraught with interruptions. Who knows where the bunny rabbit might have been without friction from his one-time peers? But then, without this friction, how would what the aspiring hare had to say have become known? History is full of lives beset by such interruptions; and in such profuse anonymity who is to tell what faction was responsible for what change and whether it was a faction or individual, or a the result of direct intention at all?

Today's date is June 6, 1983, and though I've been writing for over four hours, I've only produced five pages so far.

Perhaps this is due to lack of zeal or real material--this is, in large part, only a weird guessing game. I would be surprised to find someone capable of deriving from these drivellings, written in the spirit of Decameron, a set of rules to live by; however, I do not disclaim the parenthetic intrigue of much of its content. I wonder if my slow motion today has to do with the heat or the solar system. Yesterday, most of this year in fact, I set out to jog and failed to achieve anywhere near my distance average over last year. Perhaps my lack of faith or the transformation of energy in me is chiefly responsible, as I become a "mature person" with belated adolescent leanings. In any event, this situation will have to be resolved.

I maintain a latent belief that we fear exploring our inner selves through exposition such as this for fear that we might undergo a stark spiritual encounter, which neurons must be conditioned to take the full impact of. Perhaps this is why intellects are developed over a long period of time and not granted upon one's slightest wish; sudden arrival would be too traumatic for the individual to sustain. (The bunny rabbit must work toward becoming the hare.) I maintain the further belief that the address at which this writing is taking place is haunted, or at least in some part occupied by a persisting spirit. Perhaps the ghost of my father. My father was a limb severed from me when my mind was at such a stage of development as not to notice. It was not until I began to participate in life at full swing that I noticed the loss. Others proceeded

effortlessly through sports and studies and dating, and I tried to do the same with a bad limp--this handicap, of course, was the spiritual illness that attends growing up without full guidance through the more troubling experiences of youth. I've reached a point now that I do not want to dwell on the particulars of my hardships and in what ways I've been unique in life. There is a sickly luggage that must be born with boastful behavior, from the incredulous high brow of onlookers concerned with social niceties and not at all the dark innuendo of spiritual cunning, which after all is a political ploy registered in mixed company to let them know that my lack of a father does ,not equate with a lack of courage--my own paranoid machination, anyway.

I'm finally giving it to myself for having been so dark all these years. Yet I cannot allow myself full authority as judge over my behavior because there is a rankling reminder at play within to remind me that fatherless boys are prone to such phantasmagoria and the only real cure is rational judgement exercised uniformly under the maternal influence of the virtue known as patience. As a young man I could not help but major in philosophy at the university. I attended to the problems of intellectual failure as they showed themselves to me through reflection and in furious competition with accusations of familial sacrilege by righteous and confounded members of my family who felt that my life was, state of contradiction to my father's will and a disaster in light of society's pattern, which it has been intended to be for the sake of amoral indulgence in a passionate aesthetic I could call my own style.

Thus I could say that my life was mine. The anti-social repercussion of my creative passions seemed ungodly to everyone for good reason. Aesthetic priority usurps the Judeo/Christian tradition. An aesthetic temperament requires an intellectual mind and intellect is only burdened by rules governing human behavior. So it is in the service of its beliefs alone that an aesthetic mind disregards his neighbor and seeks to derive strength from his peers who, being societal outcasts in mutual, support one another and supply energy lost to fending off the ever-present malaise of detracting implications from the larger context of society. These are the mocking ones who expect that their protests over human differences will become resolved in some form of legislation--even Plato, a poet, bans his peers from society, perhaps arguing that as a philosopher he is somehow something more than an artist. The social/artistic contrast is that of gravity/levity: "Who are these strange beings ?" the pragmatic many ask themselves of the colorful few. They laugh too much. They can't possibly be fulfilling their duties in life living in a state of such joy--a fallacy based on appearance, because the artist's life is perhaps the most excruciating experience known by man; it consumes body, mind and soul and arrests it in the form of some medium to be experienced by anyone so disposed. Often the family and excitement are foregone and the canvas and typewriter take possession of the creative being till death. The depressions and rage of frustration is callously rendered amusement by so many whose ignorance and god-fearing righteousness become the

symptom of undevelopment to the artist, who is left to conclude that the unappreciative mind cannot help but be the enemy of art, the artist's only real love during his life.

Woman occupies much more of a limited place in man's life than I had long suspected. Women are essentially man's homeland of the heart and yet are separate entities with the same set of needs of basic humanity. Men try to live on the heartland alone, but it has become so that women now insist that men acquire other accommodations in conjunction with this. They do not want to be depended upon as wife/mothers. They have even come to resent the effects of childbirth on their bodies, so they view their own children as liabilities. Where does love fit in? It has been displaced by career and vanity as a full-time vocation, and man is supposed to cater to this life style in the name of historical advancement and happily at that. The voice of the phantom Inquisitor rings, "Mankind should advance, should it not? Then how can you possibly complain about the order leading to that state?" WellProve that day care and boarding school make for the kind of stuff that would make this world a better place, or is the institution of child subterfuge not just a deification of shadows that exist in a state of approval of one's own selfish existence? The ambiance of love is a thing that seems only to live in story books. Now it's "Pick a theory" and perhaps today's theory will not ,apply tomorrow. So be it. We'll make a new one. The subject of sexuality is ultimately as private as the individual's relationship to his God. It is only as one who has found himself

naively entering the 21st century moral quagmire expecting to swim with ease that I feel motivated to even jot down a note on so volatile a subject. This volatility--motion where one desires the inert state of analysis--is recurring testament to the elusiveness of a subject whose point is more difficult to ascertain than the real names of all the Smiths and Joneses recorded in motel registries throughout the world. The point, actually, is harmony. Sexuality is supposed to offer an element of human harmony on a planet that offers only the freedom to be happy or unhappy. As sexuality aids happiness, it is fine, unless it makes one happy at the expense of another, as in the case of infidelity. A firm mutual adherence to rules between two people is the only path to sexual happiness; but, again people seem to be averse to rules by nature, so perhaps the best approach to the present-day situation is to first, get scorched by disillusion then allow the wound to heal into a hard conviction. As cold-blooded as a person can be short of homicide. In fact, homicide requires rage and anger, and this is certainly not the road to happiness, but more like stoic exactitude toward one's designs on destiny--which is not an innate tendency, since it requires experiential reference in terms of goal establishment, though undoubtedly the capacity to become so oriented to life is innate. In an environment of kill or be killed, hurt or be hurt, the proud must persevere and hurt or kill, if need be. Self must master the secular plane or else live in servitude to some force; for there are myriad force' in this life which scavenge after servants and keep them

for however long they need them, insofar as they can. This is the way many choose to follow, actually deriving pleasure from mastery of the emotions of weaker or circumstantially disadvantaged people, without concern for the cause of this spiritual malady; the uncanny temperament that puts principle before life in pathetic delusion and never stops to examine itself in context. Such temperaments derive a sensation of elevation from this excavation of lives, unsuspecting lives out to earn their daily keep out of necessity and capitalized upon for their lot of vague achievement. This is the accepted order of those who choose the way of work ethic in the Anglo tradition, and so the sufferers, it is reasoned, complain only out of ignorance of the very rules their lives conform to. They, the self-avowed masters of capitalist reality, go so far as to feel contempt for the weak in their ignorance or less than glorious faith in the order which keeps them and peace of mind seemingly at least one world apart for the entirety of this life. True philosophy lacks ample public representation and angry people get into the educational system and proliferate frustration and its pains and eventual anxieties. The key to one's worldly disposition lies in the manner of one's reaction to the question, literally put: Can you advise mankind's leadership, and if so how? A serious and relaxed demeanor is the only spirit of forum appropriate here. Laughter denotes pessimism and so the absence of spirit for human history; for what is pessimism but acceptance of a generality as it is without epistemic intuition to the contrary. If we each could learn

to approach mankind's leadership in the form of sincere critique we would at least attain a level of spiritual change toward the better, provided that betterment is in fact the essential objective of consensus. But as in all areas of life entailing possible mastery, spiritual advancement comes in degrees of relative quality and quantity. We are discouraged from pursuits resembling art if we are connected to an environment that identifies itself in terms of non-artistry, the members of which maintain their identity by deriding their contrarities into submission, if possible--a nefarious application of the conceptual mind. The fact that such relations obtain, even as this is being written, is a vital testament in proof of evil. This not evil as a matter of conscious effort but rather consequence. For the most part people are ignorant to the purpose of art or the necessity of aesthetics among the plainly secular. That is, history as institution inheres within parameters of language which communicate not nature's energies manifest as human behavior in and of itself, but rather past events documented and rendered intriguing subject matter, vis-a-vis author disposition, because no author can destroy his attitude and write as a pure medium of circumstance as attitude is the essential element to all human animus, the direction lent to thought.

This is the perfect moment to allow the self-avowed authority over secular behavior to speak, my own ego. "O.K. occupant of your little room, what will all this confusion over such trivialities do for your escape into independence? Why be so

cynical just because you haven't a pot to piss in?"

All I can do is appeal to the appropriate spirit and repeat myself. It is not immediate gratification I pursue, but rather an image of what life on earth could be, with the proper guidance, which I pray lies somewhere within me.

"Yes, you and millions of other charlatans!"

Ah, but I am not standing on a soapbox berating others into inferiority as do those I seek to dissipate into more peaceful temperament, which intuition tells me would flow into euphoric deltas here on earth, perhaps for the first time ever. Only pessimism maintains a contrary view. And, with so much apparent pessimism I am frightened to say that perhaps masochism is and always has been the order of the day. I have often been the recipient of much fear from others for no reason that is readily apparent, but I've learned through a developed spiritual acumen that I seem to project a sense of justice on a personal level and a certain eagerness to follow through. Thus, I suspect, the fear others have shown toward my presence was not about me but rather the fear of being involved in a hypothetical scenario in which they are revealed to be culprits and not the heroes they profess to be. My only question for such people is, "Why maintain a desire to defeat me before you even have a trace of evidence that I am an adversary?" Perhaps they do not know themselves well enough to begin with. Again I am frightened to say that perhaps masochism is the order of the day. Or is it sadism? It has taken me many individual instances of painful experience and thought to arrive at this general

impression that pain must be the world's lopsided desire. Now, how to bring this impression to the noble altitude of political theory?

Perhaps an offshoot of this type of awareness about life is my daily intolerance for the people I must interact with as I read in their faces and receive first hand their mindless drivelings about what I seem to represent and that whatever that is somehow one of the undesirable things men might be found doing. The humiliation of such an encounter is compounded by the realization that such a temperament *is* not susceptible to reason. What is happening in such an instance is that an epicure *is* ostracizing an intellect because it finds the preoccupation with thought impertinent to life as it appears, as the epicure's mind knows life to be. This situation involves a pre-established idea of hero-antihero, acted upon by the aggressor as his intuition reveals this fictional *relationship* to him spontaneously. The epicure determines the desirability of a thing by the duration required to enjoy it in its entirety. This duration must be akin to that of *coitus* or that required to taste the thrill of a cherry gum drop. That is, the famous seven minutes or less. So, to the epicure, novels are out. Movies are out, unless they inspire hysterical laughter, suspense or fear at least once every seven minutes. And so it goes for any representative of formalized experience requiring. Yes, I've been grossly intolerant of such temperaments during the course of my experience, making me seem the outsider, the equivalent in terms of injustice to the individuals I've ridiculed.

WE NOW PAUSE FOR A COSHICOr,'IMERCIAL

"Hi, I'm Lenny, from John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" here to tell you about the dangers of thinkin'. Do you know what happens when you think somethin's gonna happen and you go aroun' tellin' friends and family that you plan to be somethin' better sometime, maybe real soon? Well, that's when nothin' happens. You could be real good at somethin' an' everything, but somehow, some way you don't never become nothin' and find yourself wishin' you was somethin' while you cook burgers during the afternoon

rush at the luncheonette.

That's kinda what happened to my little friend Stan in his little room. He started out thinkin' he was maybe a star and not a salesman, only to find out not only that he wasn't no star, but no salesman neither. So what is he? He don't know but he sure is real nervous about it. He make people like me try to bail him out and then maybe have a laugh or somethin' when he thinks about people readin' this. Stan likes to make people laugh alot. He always did. But sometimes he thinks about jokin' and jokes too much for the real serious part of life. This he can tell when nothin' looks right at all. Like when he thinks of his future and thinks that maybe some famous person has had a better life and maybe will keep on having a better life, and women would probably want to live with this celebrity instead of with Stan. I feel real sorry for Stan when he thinks like that because he doesn't think he's jokin' when this happens. No. He believes that a celebrity and him should be considered equal by women, even though they keep insistin' otherwise. He once had this same kind of problem with a pretty girlfriend who told him that she'd rather be with someone rich and famous than with him, if she had the chance. This hurt Stan very much because he thinks people should relate in a more spiritual way. Now, like I said, Stan is real nervous because he don't know what he is anymore in life, but he's real sensitive like someone who maybe was a great painter and went blind all of a sudden. Stan was convinced by this girlfriend that stardom is the only reason why life should be lived, and when he became aware that

he was thinkin' like this he became even more hurt because then he realized that he used to read philosophers and talk real serious about them, as though they mattered to the world. Then one day he just turned around and ignored these big ideas about life because he figured if he could get rich he'd automatically think good things about life and everything. Sometimes when he has to drive to work to do some job he don't like, Stan looks up in the sky and sees a jet flyin' over and thinks to himself that maybe someone famous is up there doing somethin' fun and well-paying, like a million dollars in a couple of days or somethin'. and maybe even he's happy but just bad to himself when he gets nervous because he sees no difference sometime between his own family and a rubbish heap that he has been cursed into loving for the duration of his real nervous life. That's what bangin' on drums for years does, I think. It makes a person vibrate inside a lot and talk sometimes like he's ridin' on the back of a pickup truck on a bumpy road. But Stan's folks weren't like that. Stan was raised by tradesmen and good women who didn't wear a lot of makeup and tight sweaters and go dancin' on Friday night with guys with names like Spike, Buzz or Guido. The women who raised Stan were always smiling and saying things to him like, "Ooooh, what a biiiig kaka you made. Good boy!" Stan started playin' the drums innocent. He was lookin' at the television when Ed Sullivan was on when he was seven and Dave Clark came on with his band and played a song called "Bits and Pieces". Dave Clark was playin' drums and Stan thought that as a grownup he would like to do that, not being aware of things

like business cycles and that Dave Clark was only about eighteen then anyway--which is not too grown up! So Stan practiced alot later on and let the high school senior prom go by as he played to his metronome and got real serious and told unbelievers about his great mortal sacrifice so that they would believe that he was not a drummer like somethin' ordinary, but a shrine on wheels or somethin'. And some young people around him were not real sure about themselves but wanted to learn how to be, so they looked up to him because they believed he was a shrine on wheels or somethin'. And Stan believed that he could teach these people somethin' and tried to, and for all he knows he did. Maybe if he made even this small contribution to the world that's enough for one life."

But each case of inequality must be considered on its own merits and be examined for the probable place of virtue within the vying contentions involved. Call me an egotist, but I have a tendency to scoff up all the credit in such instances of evaluation for my side of the disagreement. Whether one has a sense of propriety determines one's transactions in life. Just as a dancer knows when to polka or lindy according to what the band is playing, we as developed people ought to know what should or shouldn't be said and, if we are very developed, why such an order exists. As one who has spent years in contemplation of philosophical issues, I feel that I am wont to be accurate in areas requiring intellectual finesse, and following, in the spirit of inventory, is a summary of my violent aberrations and attending explanations, if not justifications.

As a man expandeth into the outermost *limits* of maturity he lends the benefit of noble vantage to youthful blunders committed despite wisdom to the contrary. Wisdom is the awareness of the *relative discrepancy* between what is and what one feels should be the case. For example, though I aspire scholarship, I *maintain* impulses toward the *television* set as spawned by the miracle box mesmerization syndrome of my generation--World War II left a generation of youth brave enough to have many children without fear of implication, an item of suspense still gestating toward conclusion. We were raised by standards of obedience that drill sergeants drilled into many of our fathers, and mothers as they worshipped their heroes--our fathers. Theirs was a time of archetypal faith, and so to fall from grace one need only have violated the almighty norm of the day. As for us, the *children* of the boom, we have been influenced in varying degrees by our parents' generation from fashion to *morality*. In my case, parental *morality* and fashion have played a large part in my life, which is a preface necessary to an appreciation of my confession to follow.

First, there was the 1979 *Danielle* episode. The date was August 6th, in the wee small hours of the morning. We had just spent a more or less joyous evening at her cousin's wedding until at the end she, in drunken stupor, began to become vocal about my income in front of her relatives, and that given the amount I stood to lose, she could not see why I would not take the next day off so that I could go dancing with her and her brother and *his* girlfriend. We ended up heading home drunk and

engaged in argument at around 2 a.m., and I had to wake up at 5 a.m. to load my truck and start my run for a delivery service route in eastern Long Island. I smacked her off the back of her head, which had become my usual resort to penetrating her stupidity in the name of higher reason. This approach had its roots in my family's temperament which I borrowed and embellished to a perhaps more violent extreme. I could not tolerate her lush drunken tendencies, yet I failed at every attempt to make this quite Grunhilde-like female march to life as I saw fit: sobriety first, loyalty to mate no matter what the weather, purely monogamous sexuality and absolutely not a trace of desire to flirt with anyone. These are inbred attributes to a successful social being, and as I began this rather wild tract on myself as befuddled climatologist of mind in a haelstrom of hit-and-run matter, her parents were seeing to it, even as I wrote, that Danielle had the freedom to exercise her God-given right to be ungodly. Finally, after almost three torturous years of agonizing reflection on the damages I had inflicted on myself and my family, I can calmly conclude that the only reason for the travail was that I attempted to force myself into a situation that I found basically unsuitable while also forcing the participants in that situation to take me for what I believed they could accept in a credible way. It was, if nothing else, a prime instance of pure will and creative existentialism. This is my belief because I continued to attempt to bring myself and my contradiction together in love while also fully examining the possible explanations for certain failure. Perhaps, for

instance, I was of such a cynical orientation that these very good people could not bring me around to their higher virtues. This is very unlikely, and constitutes, in essence, the stuff of self-effacement. Anyway, as I had begun to say, I smacked her and she decided to make that instance of abuse her last. She attacked me as I drove us back home on the expressway. She tried to steer the car into a trestle and in so doing bent back my thumb to the extent that it cracked like chicken bone. At this point my already neglected drumming career flashed before me as I heard her words echo, "All musicians are scum", she would say.

Despite one's delusions of 100% ruthlessness, there are and will continue to be those mornings when we awake children wanting nothing more than hot cocoa and Twinkies and a good, long cartoon festival on the eternal Philco. And in light of this fact we find ourselves faced with the script we've chosen to play of a morning totally unequipped to slay a dragon, and return in the evening defeated and humiliated in the eyes of commercial American valor. Why? Because in the flash of perception it takes to assess a persona, one's countenance is so construed despite long-range evidence to the contrary. Recall, if an experience requires more than seven minutes to be understood, it is popularly known as "weird". So, if one is not a Hollywood image of grace in the face of tragedy from bedtime to bedtime, and maybe even in one's dreams, one is not worthy of respect in the popular mind. One does not deserve to live among the ranks of the landed and colorful, nor even to so dream. In light of

this portrait of a spectator mind consider my likes in a state of constant exposure to such ridicule, and further, my determination to convert like an evangelist before the forces of evil.

Another cosmiccommercial. Escaping into adulthood is no less than the virtue of patience coupled with an earning power sufficient to secure the accommodations of individuality. These cosmiccommercial are intended to inform the public of the truth underlying common discourse, ad infinitum, as stars are found apart yet together in reality.

And some bad news. Little Becky was happy that day. She sat at her cereal bowl in her pink nightie and pushed her breasts upward in approximation of full womanhood. She was to attend a big party today. There were balloons and pin the tail on the donkey. Oh, what a great little time she had that day. But, alas, Becky grew into a promiscuous young woman and at an obscure bar in the northeast she got her brains dashed out by the virile son of a mafioso boss, over a back seat refusal, at the ripe young age of nineteen.

Consider this as the title of something: "The Creature of Spontaneous Travesty". What does this describe? Probably the ability to be impromptu about faking it through a situation *in* the guise of higher ideals.

Yet to do so before the senate of modern youth is to be exiled from the kingdom of libido. To be caste from one's peerage by they themselves is to forever dwell in uptight parent shadows. There is no reason why this should happen to anyone young and strong enough to assert himself over adversity per see

My second and final confession has to do with this limbo. As Lenny said in the first cosmicommercial, I once dated a girl who actually stated that she would stand me up on a date if she were approached by a celebrity for a rendezvous that same evening. She went on to explain that a celebrity would provide a more stimulating evening, perfectly charming in fact, next to our small-town antics. Well, my confession is simply that I was incapable of supporting myself and that I refused to admit it directly, yet carried on with this respectable woman as though she were getting much more out of the deal with me than she in fact was. She needed the promise of neon in her romantic involvements or else they were not legitimately romantic She was "the real thing", in Madison Avenue talk; one who would not hesitate using her body and lies and actual charm in the legerdemain of self-interest. I have been that absurd. I American Expressed myself into over weight and latent alcoholism under the skies of all-around success, which of course subsumes utter worldliness--"Yes, waiter, and a bottle of that Chateau du Boooooof." Ah, Stanley, but you are young, witty, drummer, artist, lover. You need not be versed in French or FORTRAN to be happy and capable of instilling the same in others. You must love yourself because you are so universally lovable. Please

do not pine in excess over your lack of wealth. plan with these energies instead. You must, or else perish within, lonely and broken and outcaste from the whole of society, a wretch without true constitution, forever restless and contemplative toward suicide and fearful for the mortality of the few associates you maintain. And this without conjecture as to the black pervasiveness of narcotics and sleeplessness and the mood swings of the various seasons and daily weather and holidays celebrated by society despite your gargoylish gnashings to the contrary. Aquiesce, Stanley! Accept and flourish as nature permits and encourages. you have nothing to lose but a black disposition, and you have nothing to look forward to other than brighter days. But I must learn to sing. I feel that I will be happier as a singer. I need music in my life, though it tends to be a depressant. Life is becoming as it is passing. We are dying in time as inspiration also arises. And bodies degenerate and decay as others are born and develop. Some minds convey. Others spectate and are amused by these conveyances. As round and round we go in this mortal gearwork of planetary motion, never to separate, not even in death.

My father may have died during my infancy, but until this writing I did not realize that his corpse and I have shared an area of earth within a ten mile radius for most of my life. And so will I never be separate from anyone entirely. Thus in life we are even constantly with our antithesis, antitheses really, because we are in constant conflict, in varying degrees, with those who seem naturally averse to us and so in hot pursuit

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of our felicity's demise. In varying degrees because there must be others out there among you who go about life without feeling daunted by mental assailants. Oh, the ghosts of personal doom. I think of old Thomas Wolfe. Did my state of self-condescension arise from regression to familyhood after college? But what would I have done out in the world alone? I never had my heart in marriage. I never had **it** in my heart to be lawyer, really. I left music, mostly rock and jazz drumming, because I thought it had to be forsaken in order to--Oh, God--grow up. Ignorance is not bliss, *this* is merely a sarcastic blurt. The stream of exodus must come or else I will shrivel into the antithesis of my highest hopes and imagery. Please, God, remove the jungle before me that I may see the light of Your Dear Prescriptions.

We are, after all, merely flesh and blood media of various intelligent forces of vying consequence to human history. The matter of spiritual permanence or the perfection of godliness in us seems indelibly localized to philosophy--the epicure's bane. But, belief is the direction of human life and faith is its impetus. We can, quite horribly, proceed through life faithful that wretchedness is our earthly lot. Generally this is done by way of implication and inference within our indigenous environments, the horneof our belief structure and home per se. We do not want to be wretched, as evidenced by the sensations of enthusiasm we feel toward others who obviously are in higher spirits than ourselves of a given moment--just as a criminal can recognize civil goodness and even feel its special glow. We cannot be but what our profoundest personal influences ordain,

at least in spirit. Oh, to the fortunate few who have met their sexual inspiration early enough in life to have known the spirit of goodness first hand. And woe to the many who proceed vowed to be angry and hurt as a mortal end to be seen through and deified in the face of goodness rendered nemesis through the frustration of impatient waiting for shattered results arrived unbecoming the basest needs. To these writhing multitudes whose ranks I have known despite my inherent appreciation for city real estate of leisure, I press firmly to my heart in heated guilt that some day never, yet perhaps

Knowing what one has is glowing acceptance of the faithless. resemblance urban scavengery maintains through its inherent amorality. There are those who seek fulfillment in the every day occurrence of the impossible claim to glamour. Those who neglect life's truest calling in order to maintain distant affinities to the ghostly ne'r to be had objects of desire; a passion murderously misapplied. The Anglo Saxon temperament knows not the ends of the mythos which it established for amusement purposes, regardless of the fact that life consists of more mundane and vital details beyond the spectrum of its standards of enthusiasm. To be a Latin among so many Germanics is to live sporadically in a state of *isolation* from one's truest values, for fear that contradiction would entail implicit public mockery entailing assault and battery. Eye-talian American\$are portrayed by the *American* establishment as macaroni-eating half- wits whose apparent reason for being is to find that sauce like momma used to make. This portraiture plays in living rooms across the so-called United states daily

for the captive audience of ruralites, urbanites, and many poverty-stricken adults whose influence and IQ carryover to their offspring, the next generation of Americans. This leaves the Italian heart not broken but subtly despairing for the ridiculous role it sees itself in for the now almighty megadollar. "We need more capital for our national survival. Why are those Eye-talians so pissed off about such trivialities?" The point being, if we are truly a democratic nation, what right does this establishment have to render anyone of its members ludicrous to the majority? And if this were to continue, would this society justly maintain a right to exist?

Did I mention that I am a drummer? This is a point worthy of mention because it illustrates the hiatus of change that keeps impression and realization discrete entities. In a desperate attempt to personify the dead and dying whom I've loved, I became the angry and bitter people they were, not at all aware of the negating force this preoccupation was to my creative nature through drumming, and perhaps even the other art forms I've had an affinity toward. But, of course, this is my evaluation of self and others reliant upon impressions of an evaluation as an imagined intelligensia. Such are the thoughts of a mind to which words are for the most part mere sounds and sights that tend to interrupt nervous preoccupation with oneself, what is or is not in light of what is not or is.

Such things are only coincidental to actuality instead of

directly and validly interpretive thereof. This is the syndrome of hastiness, the B student who sacrificed his A for fear that the time factor involved with striving toward and maintaining a philosophical approach to his subject will result in his becoming a dullard in the common mind, the locale of sex and good times. Especially in the case of one arisen from the cruel ranks of the working class whose heart lies with the more vulgar means of expression and satisfaction, the seven-minute or less criterion of Epicurean desirability. One who lives in haste is also more given to fatigue than the relaxed, more appreciative mind because an excess of energy is used, and the manifestation of fatigue on a mind already beset by the trouble of nervousness is failure to be conclusive in any of its endeavors, and so a fatigued mind is frustrated continually and perennially. A hasty mind is the medium through which greed has successfully manifested itself. The hasty mind wants with respect to luxury and finds necessity actually a repulsive affair despite the imperative to participate in this domain for survival alone. One wants beyond what one needs and hence is unappreciative of what he needs, all in the spirit of inventory. But when a jazz drummer inventories himself what he comes up with nowadays is a yearning for the old days when hard-core scumbags were glorified in song and rhyme. Uptightness lends the edge of social impertinence that makes the bothered mind a source of discomfort to those secure in their faith in bourgeois necessity. Gone are the days, however, when youth found this outside behavior fashionable. The tide is more political than cultural and so

the odd luxury of "out" behavior is no longer "in", of necessity--somehow Darwin comes to mind here. But what has become of the few whose followship approached sycophancy, where reversibility is not feasible? The id of fashion appears cruel only to those whose hearts remain in the limelight even after a new trend has begun to take them over. The heartbreak involved is the desire of the impossible. There are those few, however, who see that history is neither reversible nor a cruel god and proceed content that they have consciously and successfully participated in a trend. These are a select few, free of the negating factor of remorse, who are able to maintain their identities and alter their style enough to be of the same flux as the trend which appearance shows to be their contrariety. These few keep their vantage on life alive and visible through their pride in their own particular experience. This can only be accomplished by the conviction that all things human are of equal significance, and that all things that exist do so for reasons perhaps not reasonable at all, but are rather Godly manifestations of schemes rendered in psychological and sensual terms. But just as there are artists and then mathematicians, there are those dependent on "swing" for their sense of completeness and security in life. In my case, from the vantage of my little room, I was motivated by swing as much as violence. Swing is the expression of life, anger is the motion toward destruction. Hence we are at a point of pure rage born out of frustration when we encompass both--I encompassed both for years. In large part, though, timing is the solution to all of this

confusion. When a thing should occur in order for harmony in completeness to take place. This is ironic for a musician to witness because time is the very medium in which his reason for being inheres. But just as music inheres in time and is part of life, so does life itself inhere in time, and so in order to truly create music, one must put it in its place in the order of natural priorities. Its place will actually be dictated by life. In other words, one's dreams must contend with one's realities and not the other way around, or else the confusion of violence versus swing.

So many contribute to the death of swing without knowing what they are doing. They castigate and ostracize the jazz type for their vernacular and then proceed on their way, not in the name of higher diction--indeed the eloquent find a certain charm in hip talk--but rather in the an oblivious proliferation of vulgarity. The swing temperament being also a clever temperament, recognizes what is being done to it by the world and wants to defend itself in its own terms, music, but the world only knows violence as a means to self-defense, and this violence is elicited from each of us during the dialectic course of daily life, but we stop short of it in the name of peace and civilization and our desire to enjoy these human ends. Yet this abruptness in inner motion is much more tumultuous for the musician whose essence is motion itself. When the musician hits one of life's vulgar crags human pathos crescendos with the grace and intensity of music become biology. Yet the whole affair of friction seems to lessen when the musician makes his identity

apparent to the non-musicians he must interact with in daily life, be this the grocer or the staff and boss at a non-music job--"day gig"-he must pursue in the likely event of an ebb in musical activity. One must be as respectful toward others as he wishes them to be toward his musical hardship. No person's travail is greater than that of any other, though we may sometimes bawl over our predicament of being, say, jazz people in the bubble and neon of a rock and roll world. But, happily, even the spirit of rock and roll is fading and we are at a general cultural lull. This points to either a resurgence of one or the other form of music, or somehow a hybrid of the two, which some falsely maintain is what jazz fusion was, though it is much more enjoyed by jazz audiences than by rock fans, and it includes a following wholly unique to itself and consists of those who have forsaken either rock, jazz or some other musical idiom.

This is the 21st of June, 1983, summer, and I wonder whether the spirit of inventory arises within the human animal as a matter of inherence on a cyclical basis, or is randomly imposed on the premise of numerical convenience. Then why convenient and how numerically definable in terms of predictable beginning, middle, end? Inventory is a profound phenomenon, my friend! Anyone who would dare shake his or her head incredulously over this claim is too pathetic to even travesty. Life is a continual assessment of what we have not in light of what we'd like to have or be beyond where we are at present. This is profound inventory. We continue this process for as long as we are social

beings; though many never consider the reality of their comparison of themselves with others akin to the artist's use of a model. We are constantly creating within ourselves in subtle ways with respect to what others are and have attained beyond ourselves. But the puzzle of our success based on theirs is ever perplexing and perhaps dissipates upon our belief that we have "arrived" ourselves. We who strive, pragmatically speaking, are trying to change ourselves into a substance other than that to which we are accustomed, a psychic alchemy of sorts. No longer do we wish to be at the dumb and random beck and call of those who~ we only marginally respect at the borders of moral correctness. This temperament which we avoid, moreover, would be the first to report us to the concerned parties nearest them in order to gain morality points over us. And to try to find a mind, just one other mind, that does not take your intellect for granted among all the plastic replicas of be-boppers who were only candy inseminations of the real be-boppers who were only a travesty of jazz which has been a sort of travesty of music. What is left, what has come down to us since the dawn of the jazz age, are intellects that plato would not only have caste from the Republic, but would have become Adolph Hitler over. And these denizens of human ailment await a new wave of music to arise and make them better in spirit and so help make the world go away even further. They dare chuckle their impertinent CO2 out in parent-child rebellion over the place jazz rightfully claims in the human theater! But they exist and know not what they do, yet must end up with the marginal

respect due fellow humans, and then some, because they are not yet too old to be taught new tricks. Whether they are of the stuff of students is another issue. But jazz continues to be beautiful and the ghosts of Ellington and Armstrong remain and always shall for those with any real claim to jazzophilia. We personify that which we love and we love that which moves us in a happy way. Death is so hard for the survivors of the departed because the loved ones moved us in a happy way, then death takes them and stops our happy momentum suddenly as we continue to love them. The contrariety of the emotions involved here leaves the spirit wretched because it once knew the joy of intimacy with the departed and now must adjust to the level of life without the supportive presence of that body. Bereavement is hence spiritual gravitation, and this is perennial and so is the joy of birth and new acquaintances made and lost and achievement and failure and somehow jazz can represent these strong emotions more precisely and personally than any other music, if you're an American. This is why I love jazz. It is a friend that sees us through thick and thin. It embraces us on our birthday and shakes our hand at marriage and birth and throws an arm over our shoulder when we lose a love. Who could forsake such an all weather pal? Only plastic replicas of beboppers, maybe. But how clean am I? I who once gave his identity to a toothless man with high blood pressure, in the form of a soft saltless pretzel, later to discover, shockingly, that the man was in not a man but a mother's impersonation of her favorite son turned adult. This is the sham of zealous pursuit.

We want to give of ourselves in a way that seems appropriate only to find that the action taking place was only true to our expectations in being an action of some sort, but certainly not the image we'd believed to be the case. The fool's gold of zealotry is that it is abandoned praise of the unexamined, *in* most instances perhaps. We want to believe that certain bright destinies are ours through some source claiming and seeming to be real, but are let down by the gravitational pull of reality. Many of us are frightened by the circumstances of failure to the extent that they are examined to the point of becoming subject matter which gives ongoing consideration to failure as a way of life; and as we know, you are what you do.

Yesterday was a gauntlet of rejection. I phoned friends and they seemed to be less than friendly, I have reached the point in life that I must pay for having maintained deeply undesirable thoughts for so long, although my fondest fantasy has always been to fa la la around the Maypole with loving people laughing with abandon into each other's eyes. The uniform state of objectivity attends my every intention, yet there are those who would maintain that my disposition toward life is no less selfish than that of anyone else. I never wanted to be less than honest. My grim thoughts linger as a consequence of having had my less human behavior riveted home by a family who avenged my father's untimely death against me, the apparent effigy of the Grim Reaper in their eyes. Such a pure notion of self as

they maintained must result in wrathful consequence toward so many unpure others among whom I am. Father was a soldier, not one given to forgiveness. Piousness cannot be but shear wrath in a body not at all disposed to peaceful ambitions. The matter of genetics comes into play here, or at least the question of genetics. Father was a drill instructor and a tank cavalryman under General George S. Patton. Mother was the servant of his will. For my entire youth my family was so baffled by my irreverence toward that which my father cheered that my mere presence in a room with them was enough to set violent tides into motion within them. At one point our incompatibility grew so great that we accepted the rift and no longer attempted to communicate, much as a right wing conservative would not speak directly to a communist, especially if he felt his identity was at stake. Which is another point worthy of note about "them". My family were people who felt it incumbent upon themselves to behave in a certain manner, according to the elicitations of the company around them in a given moment. This was my surmisal of "them" at the time, many years ago, when we were not fully appreciative of the fact that father died before I could speak or process language in the least. What little impression he made upon me was buried by the junk culture in which I indulged. It was not until many years later that I made a deliberate and prayerful effort to revive my father's influence upon me. Moving into middle age seemed too cold and lifeless without his touch, however mystical.

I became downright mephistophelean in my way of thinking

about my mental and spiritual prowess as my great advantage in family relations. I felt that they would not look me in the eye and state their case against me because they knew that I knew their approach to society was more impersonation than authentic personification. An ugly state this was, and certainly one of my most painful states of mind and being. How to solve the problem of getting angels and demons to dance around life's Maypole together?

Cosmicommercial: Gold star classroom demeanor does not allow the soulful exhalations that attend rightfully earned lassitude.

So, tomorrow being the end of the seventh month of unemployment, I begin to inventory myself again with a spell of unease because I know that I am here as a result of having been run through a life of violent comedy and philosophy among people, and that nature has put me in my rightful place despite my yearnings to the contrary. This has occurred because I have put dream before reality and the entirety of life has engulfed my errant regard for it and smothered it with the mundane facts which I sought to avoid. I fell into pragmatic lassitude by looking only at the neon possibilities floating above and failing to infer the necessary actions prior to them.

I have this fetish for breaking leaves off of a certain hedge outside the house where my little room is. I do this on sunny

days during the course of a contemplative stroll, and I am bothered by feelings of inadequacy over the fact that I do not know the type of bush or shrub it is. But the following picture [Fig. 2J illustrates the leaf type in question, so perhaps *you* can guess what it is and please inform me right away telepathically.

Fig. 2. The leaf on the shrub at house of my little room.

The only difference between this leaf and the real one is that the real one has stomata, parenchyma, veins, stem and chlorophile and extends into three dimensions instead of only two as the one pictured here. Also, the real one has fragrance and the one pictures above only smells of the media of its conveyence--viz. ink and paper. There are lots of others attributes that the real one has which the drawn one doesn't, so much so that it really becomes a matter of life and death. You see, if I were to destroy a picture of a leaf, a leaf would

not in fact perish. However, if I were to destroy a leaf, quite tautologously, I would thereby destroy a leaf. The same for man and life, or reality, per se. Plato banned artists from his Republic because their function is to produce images of reality. The cows don't mind, the pigs don't mind, and neither does the corn. We should abolish art from human experience, according to Plato, because *it* confuses some into believing that it is perhaps the entity depicted and not an entity unto itself, qua depiction. Much as I've become so much a product of my synthetic environment that I cannot separate myself from the fictional domain of my childhood and adolescence and become a real American man instead of a self-proclaimed critic of a righteous persuasion.

This requires the ability to appreciate the world according to intellect rather than as intellect itself. Instead of prescribing a system of education whereby the public can come to appreciate intellectual representation, Plato suggests the banishment, from the world of "practical" affairs, of the object of mental perplexity. Plato was an ancient intellect. He did

not know how to produce thoughts reflective of the fine intricacies of human need and nature. His only scheme in life was to get life to march to the drummer he instructed according to his theories. The irony of Plato is that in consideration of his theory of knowledge--the forms, as it has been called--he did not expound on what he believed to be the moral correctness of the ideal state. Perhaps his mind was limited by delusions of grandeur, or was he just so stricken by the thought that he was the medium of such loftiness that he could not conceive of there being a still broader approach to intellect than his own:

But let's return to the issue of swing in the spirit of representation. Swing, most generically defined, is the passage through time of a succession of divisions of time indicated by curtailed motion divided by a subdivision of three at ~Very other instance of equal division. The direction of the motion has no bearing on the criteria. One does not arrive at swing through spatial orientation. This is the rhythmic basis for anything worthy of the name "jazz", but like Plato, the "father" of western philosophy, most people are too steadfast or lack the insight required for a full appreciation of the essence of concept and the vastness of ramification of concept in experience. They seek, as neophyte players, to explore what is current without regard for history.

We are as free as we are enslaved, provided that we fail to appreciate the basic distinctions of mind, body and spirit. The intellect must be the point of balance of these three spheres

of being. We must be aware as these three while these three, and this balance come with peace, which does not allow violence, which does not allow peace. None of us wants to be other than balanced, really, which is why the insane respond so well to balanced music, such as Mozart or Bach. The peace necessary to compose such music is also essential to the successful performance of this music, or any music composed from a peaceful and balanced vantage on arrangement. The performer must therefore be at peace with himself in order to play the arrangement before him, and this order is transferred onto the listener. This brings us to a representation of swing (Fig. 3).

Figure 3 is broken into two parts, "swing implied" and "swing stated". If one were to play Fig. 3a as a literal statement, the rhythm would come off stiff or, march-like, whereas if played with swing--by way of implication--the results would be "jazzed up". Jazz walks the streets casually if sophisticated. "Formal" music, anything lacking the freedom of swing, marches or else is a species of decorum requiring strict recognition of specified aplomb.

Outside the types of music are their inherent attitudes and

degrees of delusion. The informed *mind* is not necessarily the peaceful mind if the information it obtains about reality does not support its assumptions, especially when these assumptions are obsessively *maintained*. The casual *mind* approaches all of life in a casual way, and this reflects the enthusiasm with which it pursues that which tends to require one to be less than casual. And pastoral cretinism feels inadequate over its inability to spell the words of its language in the face of giant iron mortals. What is spelling? The ability to graphically illustrate the words or idea units represented as language on request or personal command. This is the sense of the phrase "command of the English language." As the debris of personal achievement is scrutinized upon arrival at the a posteriori phase of development, we are pleased with the ashes we've churned and transcended in the course of gladiating toward our rightful destinies. Only then can we afford the luxury of compassion toward our certainly unsolicited detractors. But what use is compassion in retrospect when its object no longer exists? And what good is compassion in battle when it weakens the warrior? What good is compassion unless it is used on those who are too weak to fend for themselves? Compassion is the emotion which we extend to innocent bystanders, not those who maintain designs on our ruin. We must learn the use value of the tools of emotion; emotions control, and so when controlled bring the mastery of all they infuse with their earthly energy. This is very important for human beings to understand. Men and women need to excel at human things in order to feel truly fulfilled in their

experience on earth. But they are quite often deluded in their approach to such fulfillment. Taking the musician as an example, we see many young people walking about concerned for their success in popular music. By this *notion* they *limit* themselves all too often to an image in the remote past of the Beatles deplaning at Kennedy airport to the euphoric cries of a hyper-enthused mob. How can one reconcile his packing his drums *into* the trunk of his car and *driving* off to some bar to play music for an evening for maybe free food and drink and \$100.00, if he is very lucky? And how can the unsettled spirit of Woodstock allow us to peaceably acquiesce in the order which we so fervantly sought to transcend? In order to be happy in light of others' grand successes and one's own abysmal failures, we must learn the art of objectivity which glides in naturally on the current of spirit. We need to reveal our spirit, free it amid life and other spirits in order to live in the full enjoyment of peace on earth--which becomes peace in the cosmos. And do not be thrown out of kilter by criticism, but rather understand it and let it pass. It is only the desire of another to reconcile your actions with his own as he imagines one should act unlike yourself. Yet criticism bears the danger of becoming permanent. One can become inured to either giving or receiving criticism. The former is a chronic and ascerbic non-doer, while the latter is convinced that he should perhaps cease performing at whatever it is he is criticized about. The victim in the latter case is the recipient of cruel and unusual punishment, often, at the hands of his detractors, while the former is the

inevitable recipient of justice of a divine order, for in taking pleasure in depriving others of joy, or attempting to, God has seen fit to deprive the critic of joy on earth in even deeper measure than his victims.

As a child, I had a toy called Mr. Machine whose sole function was to be wound up with a large skate key in his pack which would set in motion colorful gears within his transparent body which in turn made his arms and legs move in a fashion after a military gait. Beyond that, all Mr. Machine could do was move across the floor in the direction in which my hand sent him, and do so only for as long as space and his winding spring would allow. Now, this might seem to be a metaphor of the afore-mentioned non-swing type musician, but what it really is is a surreal representation of our lives today as prophesied by Aldous Huxley and even lesser-learned hippies. When we inventory life, we find that enthusiasm has no place and that it is really only something imposed by the ruling order in order to keep the cogs of its transmission well lubricated for any journey it might care to embark upon at our expense. They fiddle while we burn. The only members of our world who maintain a contrary view are those with not-yet-arrived Napoleonic designs on the world--the subliminal Howard Hughes that lurks in every poor and aspiritual man's heart.

My problem continues to be a burning tendency to philosophize publicly against the stupidities uttered around me in multitudes

every day. But the world at large is not a philosophical forum, which means that such behavior on my part would be wholly impertinent to the context I might attempt to address. What the public is is the assembly of minds conditioned after a genus of thought and temperament. To try and sell a thought system to people when they sense it to be what their leadership has long classified as evil-Hegeliansim is a classic lesson in futility, which bears the unhealthy fruit of high blood pressure and mixed notions of one's validity, even to oneself. Hegel did not claim anything but that time and motion through the spirit of Go~ and divine intelligence will inevitably yield human change toward perfection; a sort of Darwinian Platonism, only Darwin makes no mention of God in his system.

But inventory is the spirit in quantity and quality which we must strive to perfect--that is, not only what we are, but what that means from A to Z. It is the consummate desire to be landed at self-grandeur, de facto, and to secure that desire as spirit--the spirit of life--through the categorical validation of that desire. We hit a point during a thorough inventory where we might sit back and wonder what more we could have in light of others, or our impression of them, which is fallacious, for what could Mr. Jones' two-car garage mean to Mr. Waters? Meaning is the vital link between man and his environment. Illusion is what most of us maintain between ourselves and it is through inventory alone that we inevitably take stock of what we in

fact have, what we mean, which is an appraisal based on solid memory and documentation and ownership indigenous to the individual's experience. But the illusion is good in that it contrasts what we are through its inherence in what we are not. And what we are not is what we should not believe in in terms of ourselves or else we will surely find ourselves the unhappy keepers of a deep inner turmoil as the world gapes at us in passing and wonders why we walk a circle with a broad smile on our faces--and circles are eternal unless broken. So, we are not accomplished yachtsmen or legless or colostomized or retarded or blind or Charles Dickens or Elvis Presley, Ernest Hemingway, the owners of great casinos or Ernest or Julio Gallo. We are liberators of ourselves as ourselves or else we are confused speculators as to the possibilities of the affinities we believe to maintain toward others we respect, but others (not us!) nonetheless.

We contrast our biography to that of Charlie Chaplin and feel a burst of hope that perhaps, yes, this is my destiny, too, perhaps? But we rise to a dissonant alarm clock and continue to feed ourselves and we purchase the products of other creative ones and continue to wonder and find it hard to applaud these others as *our* hearts ache and we want maybe not a yacht but the facility of yachtsmen in their smug pursuit of luxurious relief among terra of equally mordant flesh in the form of their fellow homosapiens. They! They! They! Not! Not us! Never us! They and their salmon and cologne and we and our canned tuna and after shave! Their toasts to redundant prosperity which

drown out our prayers for a secure roof and reliable sustenance. And the buffoons who thumb their noses at us for crying out to the spirit of justice if not God Himself and who wish to be placated in our wisdom for the diseased spirit in which the smug yachtsmen would portray to humanity at large the equitable level of wealth we would like to expedite into worldly fact and human fruition.

But we tend to be selfish and so not concerned for the totality of which we are categorically a part. And many of you department store check out people do not grasp what I am saying because your nail polish is distracting you as I speak. I pray for your evolution toward appreciation of life devoid of sexual innuendo and Hollywood imagery--which is the illusion about yourselves which you maintain, that which you are not. But those of my peerage would laugh at me in my present station, here on my soap box makeshift pulpit, and say forget it, just write and let everything be. These are the days of Big Brother revisited and you never know what may happen to you; you are being sub-classed unconsciously as a hippie phantom and hence totally devoid of credibility. But there is only what I believe and what I believe must be done and any ontology to the contrary constitutes the substance of my oblivion, which lies in complete impertinence to my progress from the irrational vantage of the egotist. But the egotist is by nature unGodly; he must be if he can exhalt his own flesh and ignore the cause of the admiration he may enjoy or believe he enjoys from others around him. But as we evolve toward Godliness and forego our past, we

become decidedly freer from the burden of results and even pitfalls attending independent consciousness of ourselves, this evolution being the becoming process toward perfection, God.

There is no more that can be said but that if we can be aware of ourselves, a unit, in relation to a plurality, the world, we cannot avoid taking stock of ourselves in and of that context of plurality if we are to finally arrive at the spirit within, and the eternal stature upon which we know and are is formed through cognizance. This is the profoundest inventory possible among mortals and it is one which I, through seven months of unemployment in 20th century America with its attending deprivations and undulating psychoses, have arrived at in my youth's final, almost morbidly lingering outpost called, in blackest jest, "My Little Room."

Addendum. The most prevalent danger to daily happiness is the human tendency to overlook human wisdom and its several manifestations in synonymy. For example, throughout this writing never once did I realize the simpler and much sweeter expression which encompasses everything I've tried to say in three holy words: count your blessings. Let this addendum stand as shining example of the contrast between the words of a man and those of God. Amen. And through God's vast simplicity eccentricity surrenders to rationale. Halleluiah! Post Script:

The last, but certainly not least, contention toward holiness: Idle hands are the devil's workshop.

Chapter VII. Democracy Revisited.

The self-imprecations of a non-technocrat in a transistorized world are medieval in their cutting depth, and the irony here is that the sirens of authority have begun to embellish this delirium through argumentation aimed at the same technical careers which the Woodstock generation laughed at in advertisements on so many matchbooks given away at delicatessens, stationers, cigarette vending machines, etc. Ironically, Stanley recalled the many drunken evenings during which he saw a myriad of these matchbooks lying in the open belly of these machines and never realized that therein, just one bent knee away, lay the salvation for all of modern man's personal financial hysteria. Stanley's justification for his chronic indulgence in self-justification would be considered comical to the general public. He remembered a line spoken by Harry S. Truman in the one-man play "Give 'em Hell, Harry," "If you take away a man's pride, what's he got left?" Or something to that effect. Stanley believed that his pride was based on an object of phantasmagoria which included wisps of Jimi Hendrix, The Doors, The Rolling Stones and The Beatles, with a dash of war protests and marijuana into the wee hours with some bra-less tie died femme fatale. It is this imagery that would tend to make a public chuckle despite the depth of Stan's conviction which would deepen whenever he suspected that some hypothetical public was chuckling at him, from the shade of a tall tree of paranoia. He suffered from acute paranoid schizophrenia. He could not see that the culture he once loved no longer existed except in his mind, and that the entire hippie movement, though it might have raised

a few valid political points, overall is bereft of philosophical substance. The most salient preachment of this movement was non-conformity at whatever the cost. One should not grow into a beast of pure nostalgia like one's parents, who still listen and swoon to the popular crooners of their day. The value of this criticism is evident when we see the morbid phenomenon of a modern middle class household contain the hidden anachronistic satchel of marijuana and the old and tattered Grateful Dead albums, or worse, CDs.

"The bottom line" as they say at the office, is that Stanley feels amply degraded as he approaches the venerable age of thirty with nothing to show for himself. He tried to manifest many of the popular cliches that signal success in a man, according to the implications of advertising imagery. None of this yielded happiness, only sexually oriented relations motivated more by fear of loneliness than the love of sharing. There is the great majority of unreflective minds that voraciously proceed into the future with a vague yet somehow bold sense of victory in their hearts. These become the "9 to 5ers", the caffeine surfers and nicotine pole vaulters who learn to derive a perverse sense of prestige from the plurality of cardiac bypasses and the degree of scar tissue grown about the pectoral region. The neuro-respiratory rhinoceri who veto childhood and so opt for the velvet softness of casket lining over that of their own babies' bottoms. You see them on the highways in limousines whose front grills scream for more in an impervious and macabre vehicular pathos. The ancient Roman Catholic clergy in three-

piece Guit, High Mass funeral replete with pipe organ despair and black Cadillacs, circa 1050, in a blazing summer sun in Brooklyn. All this vacu-sealed in gray flannel silos whose form follows their function. Coffee carts wheel throughout these enormous premises nourishing neurons up to a level that tends to ensure par productivity. The computerized ledger machine is making a list and checking it twice, it's gonna find out whose naughty or nice. The streets bustle with these laborious denizens of fluorescence pro tempore whose gratitude for a break from their drudgery is expressed through the purchase of a hot dog or kanische, if the weather allows. The propriety of their lives is measured by the extent of economic need they represent according to their income. So, to be employed for x amount of dollars represents not so much how much money one has as it does the amount one needs. If one did not need x amount of dollars, one would not have earned it.

Stanley occupied that uncontrollable position in life that lies somewhere between mysticism and pragmatism. Both point to a realm which he could understand, and yet he could not claim allegiance to either. Thus his mind and heart were divided and his behavior often treasonous. When in the company of his more or less insensate relatives, he would impishly mock his encounters with certain "mystical types", and with the "mystic types" he would plead with them to understand him for fraternizing with the enemy for the very understandable reason of personal survival. The "enemy" were the pragmatic order, the minority of "winning types" who receive so much honorable

mention that the observing majority is led to believe that there is no other type. Thus the media tend to be grand conflators of desert and oasis because it is in fact that mass majority that is excluded from this "winning" status and is thereby forced to either covetously look on or else arrive at a state of general numbness equivalent to apathy. This is the order through which the coal miner must suffer at day's end, which the file clerk must endure who lost his or her romantic partner to a more T.V. credible persona from among the not altogether general public. The insult of one's own social exclusion as reward for the injury of necessary daily toil The media industries seldom feel compelled to address the "salt" whose intellects have been grossly neglected by entertainment's staunch obedience to its own nervously contrived preference models. The sound of lawn mowers and passing cars are the closest experience to sensual stimulation enjoyed by the majority of America's people. This due to the little contribution they make to the consumer society in which they live; sort of a penance they must endure for growing old and wise enough to know what is unnecessary to their existence, or, persecution of the calculating by the impulsive. An observation which brings us to the problem of sexuality, It is now more popular to impulse shop for genitalia than to "settle" for one life-long sex partner. Sex being of transitory satisfaction to the individual, it is fitting, in a society where transitory abatement of carnal hunger is the order of the day, that carnality should become the most popular determinant of sexual relations. As the sexual relationship

has the overall life expectancy of a fruit fly, this pleases the impulse shopper, grand perverter of practical democracy. These honorary mesmerized of colorful packaging equate their ranting demeanor with the vagaries of freedom and liberty as these have registered in their minds as mandatory pupils of their own human chronology and factuality as presented by some random public school system to which course of their particular birth and rearing entitled them.

A Norse encounter of his staunchest self reveals the candor with which the world beholds him and thus Stan realizes the separateness of the work from its creator whose biography is primordially and instantaneously *equivalent* to *his* biology. The mist upon the set of Hamlet during a performance before an audience, among whom sits none other than Shakespeare himself, is broken by the somnambulant corpse of the actual archetype rendered the more famous theatrical persona whose guilt bears no actual pain and hence whose every action is usurpatious to the common, though unwritten, immutable creed of cosmology. The corpse faces a horrified audience and speaks.

You've lent eloquence to what the Thespian aura tends to construe to be the tragic aspect of being [The phantom addresses Shakespeare], but you've never shown man the wonder of human motive as a form and function of pure faith, and in this way human existence as a means to a conceivable end has become inconceivable to the commoner, so innured has his mind become to the non sequitur that theatrical grace is ultimately a model

of genuine human grace, instead of the obvious inverse. Rather, theater is the graphic institutionalization of the present state of the genealogy of historic rumination begun at the larvic stage of cave painting and continued through to the stage of metamorphosis where the likes of Moses arose as the first or ancient chronicler of tradition, tradition being the image of behavioral continuity by which a people strive to live toward order among themselves. However, when this tradition, this order, is rendered theatrical it renders life literally incredible and so alters the human psyche from a state of natural awareness to vicarious awareness. This has become further complicated into a normal state of thespian self-consciousness among people now that theater itself has undergone its own metamorphosis into the status of natural behavior, namely, "theater going". People do not generally develop their ability to write to the extent that they could conceive of their own lives in the manner in which you, Sir Shakespeare, conceive of heroic life for them. And so, as theater-going has become common practice, it has become equally common among people to reject their own lives as inconceivably heroic. So common has theatrical self-reflection become, Sir Shakespeare, that humanity by and large has come to accept that if one is not heroic, one is merely a drone doomed to be either awestruck by or forever entombed by his own envy toward heroes, leaving the individual the dismal choice of enslavement to either social acceptance of his own incontrovertible inferiority to the hero or total rage toward the assumption on the part of his peers that he is

incontrovertibly inferior to some other human type. However, there is hope for this apparently dilemma-bound individual, or shouldn't I have said "persona", Sir Shakespeare? [The phantom roars horrifically at this obviously clever quip. As for Wm Shakespeare, he sits transfixed in his seat, his face highlighted variously by the golden pall of the chandelier.]

You see, Sir Shakespeare [the phantom *continues*], the individual bears the capacity to view and accept humanity as a continuous totality wherein his humanity is as much humanity as every other representative thereof, and so can thereby stand aloof from any criticism directed at him that is contrived by the mind of one of his peers who might be preoccupied with the matter of heroism, and so on for anyone who may thus criticize him, no matter what the context. In other words, Sir Shakespeare, transcendence is the route to salvation among angry critics [more horrific laughter]. But even if transcendence were not a possibility, you would not be blameworthy, Sir Shakespeare, because reputation and skills such as yours are beyond your control, as they have passively served as catalysts to like motion among men, et cetera, et cetera, unto the present state of history, which we just discussed. Mastery tends to inspire mimicry on all levels of ability, and so we find the man on the street inspired to attempt to conceive of his life in terms of, say, your Hamlet. If he fails in his attempt to so live his own life, which he must as Hamlet is a non sequitur to all but the persona itself, then he proceeds under the dark belief that he himself is a failure, which of course he is not; he

is simply unaware that he is acting absurdly to the extent that he does not recognize the distinction between some synthetic role of his merest fancy and the seamless biological stump of himself on which he obliviously attempts to superimpose the costume impertinence.

The fog lifted, and from thereon out Stanley understood his relationship to his own countrymen. If he was anomalous to their sense of normalcy, then it was at least somewhat because he held them in 'suspicion for their deepest psychic motive in life, which he understood to be based on a synthetic vantage on the ego. "Synthetic" being the most outstanding quality of theatrical pretension in society, Stanley began to believe that only he and perhaps a certain handful of others were aware that heroism is a name that follows a deed performed spontaneously in a context of traditionally historic value, such as war. The rest of mankind proceed in the faith that what they think, they are, and therefore it is of the utmost importance to assert oneself over others and thereby ensure one's own continued existence, despite the apparent adversity of another's implied contrariety.

The experience of matter as experience itself requires neo-Thomist or phenomenological projection from the inert substance of one's immediate life (persons, places and things) into a logistic continuum of possible eventualities among which lies the one comprising the conditions of one's actuality, according

to the individual's most intimate parameters of rational judgement. This tends to suggest that as long as there is a notion of absolute reality about which we each all reflect, there is nothing more to what we call science than the organization into a community of a coincidental synonymy across a plurality of solipsisms. This approach admits the possibility of absurdity through one's false conclusions regarding one's potential humanity in total. For instance, a college graduate might delude himself as to his probable career attainments, and through later reflection discover that he was never any different from the person he's always been, and yet failed to correctly identify that person and thenceforth extrapolate this truthful idea of self into perhaps a proportion equivalent to that of the false ego. In other words, because human life springs forth majestically from the open mind, the biological depth of a person is also incredibly similar to the person emphasized through heroism, which is to say the external manifestation of man amidst his props and costumes of gallantry and other inherent memorabilia found suitable for *historic* framing. The frozen image of ruminatory gratification has no pulse rate, no humanity to confront and render reasonable through an exchange of doubt and *genuine* factual persuasiveness. The hero is a totalitarian figment of justice after an ideal kind with which he presented in such a way as to suggest immutable synonymy. We encounter this image and are burdened with a sudden belief in this graphic illustration of human potential manifest ("General Patton", "JFK", "Mahatma Ghandi"). We are no longer

free to simply carry on in our adolescence (referring to the so-called "education process") but now must orient and motivate our minds and bodies to keep up with or, preferably, surpass the heroic Joneses. This must be true, because if this were not the case, the only other options open to the mind upon encountering heroism would be either complete apathy or a sense of defeat in light of such great human potential realized and documented. This hardly seems likely to be the motivation behind a government's investment in itself through education.

The events *continuum which* served as pedestal for every hero in his own right had to have consisted of a certain smattering of essential elements which in sum met some over-riding criterion to anti-heroism. This same set of circumstances, inversely speaking, conforms to a criterion to anti-heroism, or crime. The earth, being such a vast field of moral divergence, complicates the issue of hero/anti-hero as we cross certain political borders and encounter the different criteria of, for instance, nationhood, past and present.

Events namelessly transpire until they become revolutionary forces to be reckoned with. Only after there has been a most salient personality identified with an event of deep enough human consequence can there be a hero or villain in the historic theater. It is the native mind, however, that conflates this post facto identification process with mythological inference about causality (e.g. Hitler did not cause the Third Reich). We are each a cell in the overall body of historical development, and as this body of eventualities rises to an identifiable

culmination we all rise with it in spirit and respond to it according to its greater tendencies. Thus it is said that we are products of our age. In what detail in the portrait of our age did Stan Peadillo participate, and what did this portrait look like to the ageless agents of time?

I. Micro-Analysis if the Ancient Commoner

Since the common denominator of all mankind for all time is the need for both food and shelter, we can say that the commoner is one whose entire life is oriented exclusively toward the maintenance of a source of his daily sustenance as well as a place in which to dwell. The ancient commoner could be identified as follows:

- (1) he wore sandals and a robe
- (2) he ate much grain
- (3) he lived in a hut

What he did during his waking hours was one or more of the following:

- (1) made pottery
- (2) wove garments
- (3) farmed his or someone else's land

His vocabulary was limited to his function as keeper of his home and labor. He was one of the following:

- (1) a child
- (2) married
- (3) widowed
- (4) a slave
- (5) a prisoner
- (6) infirm

There wasn't the least concept of a welfare system or anything like it, so therefore one had better have been one of the following:

- (1) industrious
- (2) humble as a rock
- (3) supremely fortunate

II. Micro-Analysis of Aristocracy

Since the ancient aristocrats were entitled to slaves, it is difficult to say what divergence there might have been between the slave and the commoner. According to ancient Hebrew tradition, after seven years' bondage a slave was offered the opportunity to be set free or kept for life. If the latter were the case, he would have a gold earring placed through his left ear lobe, which henceforth signified the permanence of his status as human property. This is much like the modern military personnel whose colors signify the hand that feeds them and why. How one got to be an ancient aristocrat is, ultimately,

only for the ancient aristocrats to know.

Whatever alchemist cunning it took to rise above one's fellows economically, and thereby give rise to an implied state of inherent lowliness by contrast, these aristocrats possessed before and after their ascendancy, because in order for a social status to obtain it must be maintained both psychologically and intellectually. These forces organized into a political impetus whose function and nature became to add to itself through numbers of populace and the symbiotic benefit to be derived there from: the weak, to gain a sense of security from belonging, and the established order that much more a sense of immortality. As time brought these people into a tighter unity, and as outside threats to the general welfare became diminished, they began to wonder why most of them must be subjected while only a few got to do the subjecting. When humble requests for more power were repeatedly denied, the majority began to unite into a common cause: Tear down the present order and replace it with one that we like better. This was done, and time had brought power to a level of at least accessibility among people at large. Now there has come a sense of need for greater sensitivity of government toward its people, and again it's the majority who are in need.

Political candidates tell people what they want to hear in order to win office, but once in office cannot do more than the authority allotted to that station. But voting is an impulsive expression of an ideal. If the voter were honest with himself, if he were that informed, he would realize that the

ultimate purpose behind voting is to try to ensure that one gets governed by someone like one's self, which constitutes the presupposition that one thinks of one's self as supremely suited for such a position, a notion that can only issue from a mind that has been completely conditioned to the ways of democratic being. Thus, with time, political aristocracy has become public property, *in part*--there will always be more people voting than being voted for, so political life will always be inherently problematic. This constitutes a philosophical impasse in that individuals can develop thought about themselves as citizens apart from their present political system and thus derive a system of need that is wholly exclusive of the popular order. Thus one becomes, by definition if not accusation, "unpopular". Contention is a vital sign among intelligent people, and there seems always to have been a majority that sets the norm of society and a minority fighting to be included among these norms. What is the ultimate criterion whereby one is included or excluded from the normal order of society? Or is "normality" only an illusion of the ruling class and perhaps class itself an illusion borne out of man's basic subconscious quest to belong to a peerage that is the very manifestation of "success", as determined by the norms suggested by way of a ruling class? If we were not to believe in any direction but our means to sustenance, like the ancient commoner, would there not be an objective order under way uniting us none-the-less according to the invisible forces of supply and demand? But then, why do these forces always seem to exclude a certain

population from political credibility? Just as this narration is addressed to a certain audience and the author behind it all thereby relates his cultural affinities, which are apparently those who are non-complacent among modern technological security and its robotoid agreeability, or better put, obsequiousness. It is considered normal to speak any of the several computer languages and those who cannot are considered anachronistic, ironically, but perhaps not so ironically, even by those who are also not conversant with any of the computer languages commonly used. Yet even among the speakers of computer languages there are these who speak languages more popular than others. In this case a trend grew up around the discovery that one language could be applied in a more generally economic way than its counterparts. But does this argue for the inherent universality of a particular language or the genius of a person whose professional orientation happened to be in the area of knowledge indigenous to the language whose popularity his capability helped to flourish? Applying this speculation of where credit may be due to the area of political normality, we can see why perhaps "communism" is taboo to the American "nationalist". The Constitution of the United states is a double-edged sword, one side of which has been rendered impertinent through time. The Constitution was written to ensure our rights as well as establish a national identity. However, this was done in reaction to the British oppression being suffered by the colonists. The Declaration of Independence was a direct thrust at the British crown and so resulted in a war whose

outcome was to *establish the might behind the colonists'* declaration. At this point in American history the Declaration as well as the rebellious orientation of the Constitution are impertinent. (If we were to address the present British government in this tone, we would certainly fall from grace with them as an ally.) Yet the orientation of the Constitution has been the model of American legislation, policy as well as attitude ever since, and it was the orientation of its authorship, the political context of the Founding Fathers, that determined that they should write a document of such popular consequence. They happened to understand what colonial freedom required, and this understanding corresponded to democracy *in general*, hence its popularity throughout history and its many tribulations in their many forms from the Civil War to ERA. And the popularity and unpopularity of any of these trends do not mean so much as whether in the end they succeed or fail, which is determined after all the debating and ad hominem theatrics find resolution *in recorded history* and our children are conditioned to their own leadership, according to what they've supposedly learned. This is the process whereby popularity is manufactured and sold at wholesale prices by publishers approved by law via *laissez faire* traditionalism, America's brand of common law. With just a moment's reflection on reality the skeptic realizes that the aristocracy has cleverly sold its existence to humanity as a politically necessary entity, and that we, being the impulse shoppers that we are, have bought it all along without correlating the rebellious tone of our

own Constitution to our present state of affairs. Apparently the mind, like water, naturally conforms to the shape of the vessel that contains it.

If to be critical of patriotism *is* unpopular and unpopularity on this level is considered "treasonous", then we the people must live behind an *ironic* curtain called "popularity", which consists of a majority conviction that *it* is simply not possible for us, as a totality, to conform to all of the demands of equality and yet proceed as a nation. We must remember, along with different nations comes international strategy whose objective is to make their existence contribute to ours, and vice versa. We cannot reasonably hope to become utopic until the absence of danger of becoming dominated is established unilaterally up to mutually satisfactory criteria. Which brings us back to reality and the life of Stan Pecadillo.

Writing is the litmus of an author's temperament. If the author writes in stream-of-consciousness fashion, then his level of credibility toward episodic reasoning is nil. If the author is downright Victorian in his organization, then his palate for the spontaneous patterning of images has been inundated by classicism or the basically narcissistic fascination of man and his ability to render his past through a series of phenomenal still lives alleged to be representative of the fatalistic experiences leading to his present state.

Chapter VIII. Taps.

Reflecting on his past association with the group of Born Again Christians, Stan felt a trembling yearning for their fantastic dotings upon him. without their amplified affection constantly bestowed on him, as had been the case throughout his association with them, the cruelty of "the world" of which they had spoken, that over which Satan rules, had become colder and darker and deeper in its atheistic implications. Never to be embraced again, by choice, by a "fellow" Christian smiling and laughing heartily over a wholesome quip, and yet also confirmed in his conviction never again to move in barroom circles, Stan was left with only very few options in life from which to derive gratification. The arts, books, writing and vacationing, and to share these with someone under the relatively warm auspices of romance. Work had lost its place in Stan's scheme of possibilities, having arrived at the conclusion that this is a common attribute of man, like digestion and respiration; one does not live in order to work, breathe and eat, but rather one works, breathes and eats in order to live. So, here sits Stan on a beautiful late summer morning suggestive of autumn and football and his alma mater, and strolls down shady leaf-strewn lanes arm-in-arm with a young lady never to be imprisoned by the walls of matrimony. College for Stan was not aimed at a career but rather was seen as a necessary indulgence in one of the healthful aspects of society, as playing drums under the influence of a plant known as cannibus in a dingy red-lit suburban cellar had yielded a countenance that was misanthropic yet pleading for recognition for both his

talents behind a set of drums as well as his Christian heart. He believed that a black aura about himself, derived from eons of participating in blasting rock and roll music never to be heard by his generation discouraged romance from ever blossoming. It was his belief that when a girl looked at him what she saw was a pandemonious entanglement of psychadelic perversities mounted above their fireplace, which gave way to the question of what the neighbors and mom and dad might think. And the children!

There was a book written by a man named Percival entitled "Thinking and Destiny". This book was given to Stan by a fellow philosophy student back at Princeton. The book was as unusual as the friend who gave it, and its subject matter more or less paralleled that of Stan's impression of his friend. Yet the book's rantings about somnambulent phantasia, beings of pure energy darting about the cosmos before the dawn of matter, seemed faintly verifiable to Stan through the perhaps analogous experience of intuition among a haelstrom of adversities. A roomful of unselfconscious people is a scenario of minds unappreciative of the historical necessity versus accident of their personal identities. A smattering of the Victorian here, a dash of Eduardian there, New Deal, horse and buggy, talking Toyotas, the Lamaze method, Roman Catholicism, genetic engineering, nuclear freeze, space exploration, interferon, Memorial Day, Labor Day, the beach, back to school, top 40 radio, life insurance, perhaps even Napoleon, Bismark, the Mingh Dynasty, Czar Nicholas, Mao Tse Tung, Lenin, Stalin, Nixon,

with a dash of poltergeist blossoming in the light of a neon billboard all whirling in space simultaneously, not living or dead according to the pedagogic strictures of chronology as well as category, No, everything and everybody all at once, for a change.

"ROSY" the old napkin queen serving Tolstoy minestrone soup in Fred Flintstone's summer house in Antarctica, while R2D2 scurries about looking for change in order to pay the delivery who just arrived to collect for services rendered: a week's supply of violet cigars labeled) for some extraordinary reason, "The London Times". Meanwhile, back in New York, the U.N. delegates are all on the floor playing with Barbi Dolls and G.I. Joes. Some are playing Monopoly, others Battleships. Some are sucking the satin edge of their security blankets (the Security Council!), others watch cartoon festivals on T.V., while others still giddyap up 43rd Street in order to replenish their supply of Raisinettes at the News Building--apparently, there is a vending machine in the lobby. Aristotle hails a cab at Lexington and 42nd, and within microseconds arrives at Alexander the Great's meade blast just north of Athens_ All at once in one dimension. Apocalypse! Saint John The Evangelist scurriously scratches out his impressions of everything while Saint Peter throws an arm around a nearly discouraged Savior and offers the encouragement, "You're really underrated, Lord!" Every significance conceived and manifested by man held up to the glory of First Cause, and like one oblivious pedestrian to another we all say in a mechanical huff, "Thanks for the

light, pal," and continue enjoying the benefit of 20/20 vision perverted into the sights of fully loaded automatic weapons skillfully aimed at one another.

Yet despite his regal self-assuredness regarding his place in the divine scheme magnified much more through his Born Again involvements, Stan rejected this phase of his autobiography as a fanatical binge, and so relinquished *his* hold on it in order to proceed out into the jungle of worldly fortune. The simplicity of the fanatic's mind was too simple for Stan's comfort: "Never associate with a non-member of *our* church and you will suffer less pain *in* this life." All this amounts to *is* the lessening of the probability of a given experience, namely, personal pain, resulting in a wholly predictable relative outcome, lack of pain, unless of course one happens to be so gregarious by nature that isolation constitutes his greatest source of pain.

These moments of nearly violent self-reflection on The Totality and his place in it often drove Stan to moments of regressive proclivity manifest in the form of anal tension during the quietude of the aftermath of righteous malice toward a quasi-phantasmic familial All. He wished he had the money needed to buy a set of drums so that he might learn to subdue his rock and roll subconscious, so seriously nurtured over a rough course of about twenty years. Echoes of concert halls and barrooms' cigarette coughing, shouts over glasses clinking all mounded into a sardonic mass in the poetic heart. Nothing was perceived by Stan, only preconceived and sort of mortified according to

the standards of his subconsciously maintained rock and roll chauvanism toward amorality borne out of febrile mindlessness. Stan smelled the death fumes incessantly blowing off the River Styx and his life thus had become a polluted waltz among Platonic shadows as he had attempted with a perfectly failed zeal to sweep women off their feet and into a Disneyesque production contrived to camouflage the mortuary science of his very respiration. The word "no" and its many inflections through socio-sexual gesticulation had become a demonic companion to Stan so tormentingly devout that he would often surmise it to have been manufactured from one of his ribs by the Prince of Darkness while he lay rarely asleep. Such has been the price of realized ambition to Stanley Pécadillo. He wanted to become a Poo Bah of outrageously contrived rhythms and so he had; however, in his naivete about his quest he could not have foreseen the necessary personification process inherent in this achievement as he had in essence chosen to become anthropologically equivalent to a persona, one better suited for a stolid display encasement in some uncharted wax museum of tribute to unsung heroism. Better this than the lot of those obsessed with pressing square pegs into square holes for the feeble reward of mortal approval.

Until the last kink of injustice becomes unraveled in his mind, Stan will maintain the conviction that every molecular cell of his being, past and present, must be examined and held up to the light of truth in order to reveal to himself, if not the world, that he is indeed vindicated of any serious charge

of unconscious absurdity, but that his absurdity was a deliberate act of culture wherein society was merely the blank canvass on which he applied all his deepest aesthetic interpretations. He was so much the student of art and had such a deep inherent love for life that he naturally combined both processes and revealed, inadvertantly, that indeed biology and humanity are prone to artistic rendering on a wholly subliminal psychosomatic level. On this level of thought, or perhaps more precisely, as this sort of psychological being, the individual's value to life is contingent on his personal moral constitution. If, for example, Charles Manson's thoughts were manifested through any other medium but human biology, he would not be considered a nemesis to humanity. Because Manson's moral constitution bore no amendment which provided for the veneration of life, he was not able to make a distinction between who he was and what he was doing, and so his body had become a mere vehicle used by his subconscious to externalize an image of preconceived gore. Many modern visual artists are looked askance upon by society because of what appears to be the anti-social nature of their work; however, none of these can attain the anomolous status of the homicide because their influence is a matter of public choice and never a threat to either the individual or society.

The hedonistic thinkers who helped shape the appearance of western democracy would tend to support this observation. Hedonists go so far as to say that even masochism is socially condonable, which would translate "expedient" in the minds of all masochists within earshot of this statement. A masochist,

being a sort of connosieur of his own agony, is secretly proud of his dubious expertise, his greatest source of chagrin being society's outward derisive attitude toward what he represents --a champion of self-inflicted pain. Hedonism is secretly cheered by the masochist, because it is pro-society yet venerates his right to torment himself! When a neophyte masochist stumbles upon the doctrine of hedonism for the first time--usually during the course of undergraduate study par for a masochist, Liberal Arts--he is like a belated convert to Christianity in his zeal and depth of wonder toward his possible significance among men. The thought of masochism generally inspires laughter because it is such an unlikely choice among the living who are aware that life is rife with problematic substance seemingly at every particle of awareness. For those to whom no more need be said in order to convey the correct motive in life, masochism will remain a mysterious comedy and the masochist will always represent a sardonic clown, one who is as comical as he is tragic in his comedy. Only the Christian recognizes the potential in a man despite any outward appearance of disshevelment, and so the masochistic individual, during the course of his maldevelopment, comes to appreciate the existence of the church and its various manifestations in the public psyche whereby legislators remain, by vote as well as personal conviction, sympathetic to humanity across all spectra of its social hierarchy.

But Stanley's self-abuse was not so much imposed as it was a condition to which his very nature confined him. To be both

an artist, which is to say rebellious from the vantage of political normalcy, and obsessed with the defense of "artistry" as the human mind manifest as the archetype of potential necessary for the protean resilience demanded of humanity during the present haelstrom of reality's man-made and inherent adversities ranging from pain to the tormenting ever-present consciousness of the possibility of total nuclear devastation. The psyche must learn the finesse required to out-maneuver the rapiers of neurological adversities in order to live gracefully and so maintain the order of itself among society seen as beautiful. In order to do this the individual must see his ego as a Darwinian trinity:

- (1) the pallet of vital knowledge
- (2) the brush of determination
- (3) the canvass of success

The results of these workings must be constantly submitted for critique by society whose existential suggestions must be evaluated in turn by the individual before included in his pallet of vital knowledge, which indicates a determination to apply these suggestions toward his personal success, having intuited their validity in that capacity.

And here is the truest test of a masochist. One who would deliberately contradict his better judgement or intuition about his own welfare and instead pursue a course of action wholly bereft of energy for no reason other than the desire to feel the sensation of his own certain failure impending. A stark denial of self.

Demographics, Stan carne to realize, are as frightening

or delightful a subject as the individual's view of his place in the world, which amounts to the art of egotistical dynamics. There is an implicit megatrend well under way wherein one determines how loudly his praises must be sung according to his social position, either actual or desired. The fog horns of surgery outdo the bulls horns of accountancy and the kazoos of salesmanship are drowned out by the trumpets of the priesthood, and all together our ears are flooded with a cacophony that makes planetary motion seem like some macabre carousel ride whose "off" switch lies somewhere at the end of time. And yet the orchestra of society cannot be conducted without bringing us all into step in a regime ted march toward a destiny of which we are equally incapable of conceiving. So, even if we could all march together in time, what end would our steps serve but the satisfaction of some drum major's most inspired whim?

Somehow this did not ring correctly in Stan's ear neither. He realized that governments were somehow and yet he felt grossly underprivileged in the knowledge of why governmental organization is necessary. This is, he could not discern the fruits of discipline pursued by a population because he never knew the wrath of confusion among people first-hand, such as many Europeans were forced to appreciate during the two greatest wars of our century. He felt a dull sense of urgency about the need to feel appreciative of the good fortune of his own citizenship, and yet he felt that he could not fully appreciate

the goodness of his fortune without having experienced life without it, although his poor salary had some effect on his understanding of what is and isn't a fortunate existence.

One gadfly to such extreme thinking was Stan's discomfort with his present state of bachelorhood. "Pennilessness" basically translates "womanlessness" to a man unless his idea of female companionship is something equivalent to a feline licking the wounds of an ego tattered more under stress of one's personal disillusionment than from a sword of immediate adversity.

Having been back with his immediate family for six years after receiving his B.A., except for the stormy period spent with his transitory spouse, Danielle, Stan had begun to think seriously, for the first time in his adult life, about what force, if indeed a force, might have been responsible for his remaining near the cuckolds of his rearing. Was it psychology or economics? Higher anxiety or a higher cost of living?

He remembered an afternoon of several years before. He and Danielle were together then, and he decided to make a day trip of a job interview scheduled with a firm in Manhattan. He told Danielle to phone a sitter for her daughter and together they were off on the Long Island Rail Road's south shore line bound for Penn Station. On the way to the station Stan mentioned that his mother looked depressed and that his intuition told him that they should pay her a visit instead. Suddenly Danielle attacked Stan for his concern for his mother in the spirit of Oedipal belittlement. She began to gossip among those in Stan's circle about the extent of his concern for his mother's health.

She felt threatened and gnashed her teeth godlessly at this faltering stump of humanity known as Stanley Pecadillo, much withered after prolonged exposure to an exorbitant volume of abuse heaped on him from the corner of Danielle's *family* in their intense regional Italian bigotry and chauvanism toward a level of dark achievement grand enough to make even Republicans drool. Danielle's family, the Fataglias, claimed to have their roots in and around the Genoa region of Italy, a bit of information intended to make everyone within earshot hastily search for a pen in time to secure the autograph of such noble carcass. Stan's "people" were from the Reggio Calabria region. In the vehement lingo of provincialism carried over from the old country, Italian Americans judged one another's potential in life by how far north or south one's ancestry hailed along the Italic peninsula. North means "success", while south means "failure". So, the heated implication around the Fataglia table during holidays despite, or rather because of Stanley's presence, was that perhaps this Stanley Pecadillo was unworthy of the fair princess, Danielle Fataglia; her nymphomania and alcoholism naturally overlooked in the kangaroo forum of family idiocy.

On reflection, this sojourn in mental purgatorio was still an item of deep curiosity to Stan. For instance, while this was happening to him, he would recall many words of wisdom and even coin some of his own and yet, for the life of him, Stanley Pecadillo, Ivy Leaguer, could not bring himself to be his own person, which set him off on a course of speculation about how life might have been had not his father died while he was just

an infant. Records of lost worlds *with their* lost manuscripts

bear an aura of mystery that inspires countless speculation as to what might have taken place behind the scenes of recorded history. A boy who grows up with only a photograph of an unsung war hero who, he was told, was his dad, learns to compose legends about the man, along with paternal demands commensurate with such a legend. Stan's father was awarded a Purple Heart for his display of courage during World War II, yet he died tragically in an automobile accident during Stan's fourth month of infancy. Elvis presley had not yet strummed his first chord over the air.waves, and Dwight D. Eisenhower was President.

The grass was always cut clean in the military cemetery where Stan's father was buried, and Sundays were always special to the Pecadillo family because it was the day on which they united closely around the grave of husband and father. Stan's mother would sob vaguely, having paid countless visits to the site over the years and eventually arrived at a state of basic complacency with the dreadful plight of widowhood. Often, Stan would reflect on the abuse he'd conveyed to his remaining family during the course of his development in full advantage of the tragic absence of the man who would have granted him the benefit of worldly insight as well as the virtues of uncompromising conviction and fairness both at play and at war with one's fellows. The perennial ruefulness of a fatherless boy is never becoming among the athletic ranks of an allegedly heroic order, and so Stan was forced to endure a life of derision from his so-called peers as well as more Aryan-disposed teachers and

other elders of less than sympathetic tendency. Very seldom did people consider what might have made Stan such a chronic pouter. strangely enough, the vast majority of his elders would only impersonate his countenance, premised so blatantly on his personal tragedy, and never seemed to as much as consider entering his little world of pain in an attempt to retrieve his tender soul from the clutches of the insensate ghouls of circumstance. Stan spent his adolescence and early 20's preoccupied with vengeful thoughts toward all those he could remember relating to him in a less than loving manner. No form or dose of present-day placebo could make up for the amount of probable damage inflicted on his boyhood innocence. He was often given to concern over the extent of damage done to his entire life as a result, to the extent that his worrisome nature combined with his depressed state already having received momentum from childhood yielding a young man of a rather voodoo aspect, who made most souls in his company squeamish on unspoken grounds of theology.

Eels were festooned from his ribs and his eyes cried a slow trickle of expiring maggots during the entire course of his development into adulthood. If a young mind can only develop according to the standards of those whom it respects, then it must be true that Stan's elders were deeply macabre, so much so that they'd become manifest in his open heart as metaphors of fear and trembling unto death. Stan did not know directly that the society he had only spectated on T.V. and through his window would constitute the same organization which would some

day call upon him for contribution as well as happy participation, neither of which Stan could conceive himself accomplishing due to a basic moral standard which he steadfastly maintained; specifically, his father died among that order of humanity, and not one member of that order could save him from drowning in a sand pit after he'd skidded off the road and lay unconscious behind the wheel as his car just slowly sank in the water. Not one pedestrian! Not one fellow citizen would bend an elbow and attempt to investigate the water for a vital sign and perhaps venture to save the life of a man who had bravely fought in a major world conflict staged for the preservation of this very same order of those who could not indulge a moment and a few wet garments in order to make an honest attempt to save the life of one of its finer champions. Such was Stan's sad heart song and, though a melancholy one indeed, it was one which he often proudly allowed to play publicly, much to the chagrin of his onlookers who, out of a sense of personal protocol borne out of Darwinian indignation, would tisk-tisk his unreserved bitterness in the matter. Society's message to Stan through many of its members, of course not including Stan himself, was that he should evaluate his place in the world and determine what was either absurd or laudable about his over-all character and take immediate and definite pains to rectify the situation, or else run the risk of being an angry old man whose memoirs are a mere collection of negative interactions with his own world, to no end but hidden demise where it eats slowest and most painfully, in the metaphor

of heart.

Yet Stan was faced with a matter which he believed was more pressing than the criticism of his character, which so many of his more or less dubious admirers had passed on to him during his brief history thus far. He had begun to realize that confidence, that almighty impetus to success and perhaps honorable mention, had become a memory to him. "This is true," he dreadfully reflected, "my confidence has become a memory. Now what am I left with? How can I fill a void where ambition once glowed resplendent as a golden dove of freedom and hope? Where shall my body be taken by the tides of circumstance? And how shall my heart weather this storm of nameless anthropologies, pulse-less phantoms heartlessly driving on and over the nice and friendly scenery of contentment." A phone call from his brother left him scared and restless about destiny and disgusted with himself for his onetime mistrust of his own siblings, the few persons of true mirth one could hope to find anywhere. He supposed that perhaps he'd become disappointed in his older brothers for not being able to offer a guarantee of felicity on earth and certain sainthood in the life hereafter. He began to consider the awful day when his brothers' passing would leave him coldly alone and totally vacuous about where to derive such warmth. His dread deepened to the point that he became completely child-like and tears began to run down his face as he began to implore God to preserve his loved ones and let everyone continue happy and prayerful and cozy and alive, and friendly and good to one another and not plagued by the usual

unencompassable malice toward the darkest conjecture regarding who se love was most forthcoming in life and other equally futile quarrels that would indeed bring even God Almighty to tears.

He was unemployed and frightfully aware that he had arrived at a profound complacency in his status as author of his Own instincts. He was aware of the cycle of disaster which he'd engendered through a chronic preoccupation with a secret argument with his alter self--the military versus the pacifist--until called upon to interact with the world of decisiveness and angry insistence on productivity to the bitter extreme of threats of impending .depravity conveyed with the eyes from a managerial vacuum.

The angry American landscape became apparent to Stan now, serrated personalities clashing in the blue sky of tomorrow for a further notch of a cultish reward known as "glory" to be engraved on their metaphorical pistols aimed at the heart of the matter myopically yclept "reality". The Aryan narcissistic order versus the overweight non-participants who spectate athletic titans rambling into the stadium beneath a roar of wild cheers from the carnally motivated crowd, all of whom would shudder at the thought of cannibalism, or else laugh it off as an impossible trait within their "civilization".

These are, America's illusory heroes and so no one on the sidelines had better confess an unpopular bitterness within earshot of the powers that be or their many "street-wise" associates who help populate America's several political regions. Do not dare tell them how to behave, as though you have receive

some divine ordination to their exclusion. Such an anti social attitude deserves a punch in the mouth and a bolt of laughter such as the Nazis might have employed in trying to break the dissident ego.

Honest work, Stan realized, was the cure for thoughts whose honesty could never be estimated. The ethical question of ultimately wither go the fruits of one's labors, however, remains an essential source ofcall it divine mystery, to Stan, to this day.

slow, solitary tear.]

What also interests me is the instinct among so-called

cultured man to "weed out" unworthy elements according to traits as cosmetic as vernacular and shoe style. [By the way, remember: We are all cultural.]

I am also fascinated by those who do and those who do not appreciate the beauty of economy of sequence or, what order is the most time-conscious--but not to the point that life becomes a discomfort.

However, I am less fascinated by the "prestige" hierarchy up and down the career strata. I do not care for such types in the least and quitly pray to Zues for the natural non-correspondence of my circle of needs to their circle of services.

I am also becoming less fascinated, if not downright bored, with the mental punishment inherent to carousing with idiots in the name of Christian charity.

I am no longer terrified but disgusted with the fact that what one does is not glorious and that only the marketplace can make what one does glorious and will do so only in the event that the "decision-makers" decide that doing so would yield profitable consequences for their firm.

I am still terrified over a theory which I maintain to the effect that we, the world, have transided into a temperamental state that is basically prosaic toward itself as reality itself, whereas the progenitors of the Boom generation were of a basically boisterous temperament and that I have been essentially befuddled by everything.